

A M E R I C A N MERCURY

NOVEMBER 1956

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WHY JOHNNY STILL CAN'T READ
IS YOUR DOG A BUM?
THE UN'S SECRET KEY TO POWER
THE TRUTH ABOUT SAFETY BELTS

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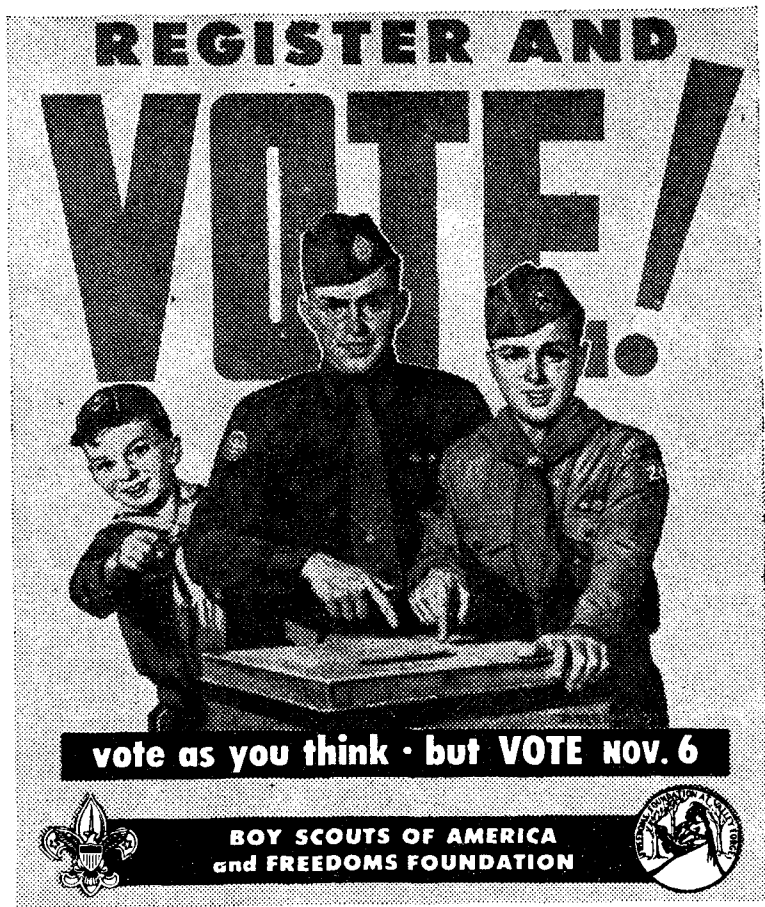


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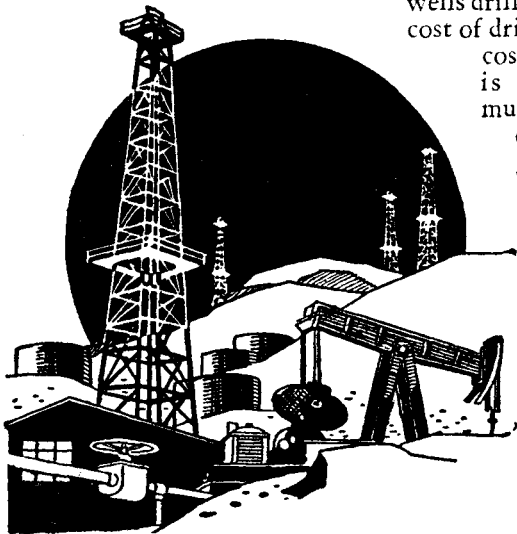
The nation's 4,175,134 Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts, Explorers and their leaders, in cooperation with Freedoms Foundation of Valley Forge, are busy in a nonpartisan Get-Out-the-Vote campaign.

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A M E R I C A N MERCURY

NOVEMBER 1956

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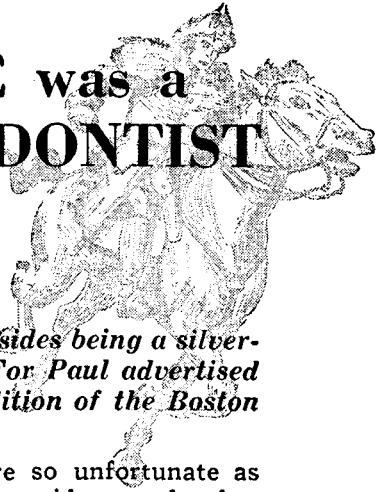
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PAUL REVERE was a PROSTHODONTIST



A What?

Yes, a PROSTHODONTIST, besides being a silver-smith and revolutionary. . . . For Paul advertised in the September 19th, 1768 edition of the Boston Gazette:

"Whereas many persons are so unfortunate as to lose their fore-teeth by accident and other ways, to their great detriment, not only in looks but speaking both in public and in private, this is to inform all such that they may have them replaced with artificial ones that looks as well as natural, and answers the end of speaking to all intents, by Paul Revere, Goldsmith—near the head of Dr. Clarke's Wharf, Boston.

"All persons who have had false teeth fixt by Mr. John Baker, Surgeon-Dentist, and they have got loose, as they will in time, may have them fixt by the above, who learnt the method of fixing them from Mr. Baker."

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32ND YEAR

A M E R I C A N

MERCURY

NOVEMBER 1956



Why Johnny STILL Can't Read

by John Gordon

PARENT'S confusion regarding "modern methods" of teaching children how to read is not being dispelled by answers the "reading experts" are furnishing. The storm with respect to the first R reached its climax several months after publication of *Why Johnny Can't Read* by Rudolf Flesch, and continues with undiminished violence.

The elementary school language experts, spearheaded by the National Education Association, have excoriated Dr. Flesch at almost every opportunity. He has been getting the full treatment at reading workshop discussions all over the nation. Other critics, including Arthur Bestor, Mortimer Smith, Albert Lynd and Howard Whitman, have in their turn been vilified by the professional educationists with the favorite libel, "enemies of the public school." How-

ever, Flesch continues to be the favorite whipping boy, perhaps because he has been more widely read by worried parents, or maybe because his judgments of the malpractice in today's reading instruction methods have been so devastating.

The experts are so hard put to answer embarrassing queries that most of them escape by taking refuge in their Teacher's College jargon—a dialect enigmatic to laymen. One famous reading specialist was asked his estimate of Flesch's book. He replied: "I can't understand Flesch's short, jerky little sentences." As yet, the pedants have not been able to support their position with valid arguments written in "short, jerky little sentences" that ordinary people can understand.

They brand all criticism as "sensationalism," "unrealistic," and

"doing untold damage to the schools"; and label their detractors "biased," "irresponsible," "inaccurate," and "motivated by commercialism." They refuse to admit that any of these writers are incited by any motive except greed.

The public relations department of the NEA has assembled a portfolio of reprints and articles written by experts, most of them condemning Flesch—"packaged in an attractive binder at \$1 each." This collection of educational bafflebagg seeks to arm the school administrator and reading supervisor with ammunition to cope with the mounting indignation of parents, businessmen, high-school teachers and college professors against increasing illiteracy in the land.

The focal point of the raging controversy is the word "phonics." And although this much-discussed word appears to be the core of the discord, it actually is but the surface manifestation of a much deeper conflict of incompatible educational philosophies. To put it in "short, jerky" language, it means *Teaching School vs. Babysitting*. It is as simple as this: teaching reading with phonics demands real effort on the part of teacher and pupil; trying to teach reading by the word method licenses a classroom for fun and frolic, because any normal child can memorize two or three hundred words in a school year—even without a teacher.

THE READING EXPERTS say: 1) reading means more than calling words; 2) phonics is being taught in all the schools; 3) the word method is not being used exclusively; and 4) Johnny is learning to read better than at any time in history.

The critics say: 1) of course reading is more than calling words, but it can't be much more until Johnny is able to read the words off the page; 2) that regardless of claims of the experts, teaching with phonics is *not* being done effectively in most American schools, public or parochial; 3) that despite their denials, the word method *is* the method advocated by all so-called reading experts; and 4) that Johnny is not by any means learning to read "better than at any time in history"; and 5) that the fraud of today's accepted methods of reading instruction would have been discovered and discarded long before if most youngsters did not learn to read and spell (however inefficiently) in spite of the tomfoolery they have been led to perform.

Furthermore, the critics insist that Johnny, Dick and Jane are being coddled, that they enter first grade with great eagerness to learn to read, but are soon bogged down in trivia which bores them silly, that they are treated like three-year-old morons with reading-readiness workbooks, coloring, cutting out, pasting, pinning up,

jigsaw puzzles, copying, drawing, drinking milk, resting, and a myriad of other time-wasting devices; that school is introduced to them as something akin to a three-ring circus where the principal lesson is to learn to be happy and caper with uninhibited abandon; and that too many youngsters have learned the lesson so well that they are still doped under this spell of wonderful nonsense when they get to high school and college.

LET us examine the defenses of the reading experts to see if they are able to survive close scrutiny.

1. The "we-point-with-pride" defense. Many reading specialists point with pride to the achievement in their own particular schools by comparing their reading scores with the national average. For instance, a well-heeled school in Wisconsin with youngsters from better than average economic and cultural backgrounds and higher than average I.Q.s, may show average reading scores several months above the national norm. The reading supervisor uses these figures to prove fine accomplishment in her school.

Of course these youngsters are above the norm! Why shouldn't they be? The great flaw in this defense is that the national norm is pitifully low, and being above it is no great shakes.

2. The "but-today-we-must-teach-

all - the - children" defense. This means that in the good old days (whenever they were) the pupils who didn't learn to read dropped out of school, whereas today schools are required to keep them in school. So, naturally, the standards are lower. There probably is some substance in this defense. However, no one has yet produced any evidence that in the good old days, all the students who continued through high school were eggheads, and all those who dropped out were dunces. And this argument collapses completely when we look at the 30 percent of university freshmen (the cream of the crop), unable to pass a simple rhetoric test, who must be exiled to dumb-bell English classes until they catch up or flunk out.

3. The "today-we-are-doing-a-better-job-of-teaching-reading-than-at-any-time-in-history" defense. This seems like a paradox after having just been told that standards are lower today because of the oafs who are now required by law to clutter the classrooms.

The experts have scraped the barrel and failed to justify this claim. An entire recent edition of *The Elementary School Journal* was devoted to an apologia for modern reading methods. One of the conclusions of the authors about academic achievement reads thus:

"The foregoing discussion is none too consoling. The fact is ad-

mitted that the results achieved today may be far better than the meager data in the foregoing comparisons would indicate. We sincerely hope that such is the case. Unfortunately, we are not in a position to defend such an assumption on the basis of test results."

This article included an even more candid admission from another education journal on the same subject: "We solace ourselves too readily with data showing that the schools are as good as they ever were. These same data show that they are but little better than they were 25 years ago. What other area of activity in this country is satisfied with as little improvement?"

Arthur Bestor furnishes the *coup de grace* in the following passage from his *Restoration of Learning*: "... a pupil who has completed a given grade today will have spent twice as many days in school as a comparable student would have spent 80 years ago. . . . Seven times as much money (of constant purchasing power) will have been expended upon his education *each year*, and he will have used buildings and equipment at least eleven times as costly—both these figures constituting averages *per pupil*. Such being the case, the intellectual acquirements of the typical pupil should be so markedly greater than before as to leave no possible room for doubt concerning educational improvement."

4. The "but-we-*do*-teach-phonics" defense. The experts stoutly insist that they do teach phonics, but quickly add "as one of several word-recognition techniques." Actually, it is only very recently that they have even begun to mention phonics out loud. And they advocate just a small dose of the nasty stuff for first-graders, enough to pacify irate parents, but not enough to give the youngsters a reading power to get beyond the skimpy 300 (or less) words doled out for them to memorize.

READING teachers in the colleges of education shy away from one of the most important and significant studies ever made concerning the comprehension vocabularies of six-year-old children, entitled *How Many Words Do Children Know?* by Robert Seashore of Northwestern University. Dr. Seashore's study concluded that children understand 24,000 words when they begin school, and that this understanding vocabulary grows after they are in school at the approximate rate of 5,000 words a year! Would you agree that most first-grade children would understand most of the following words:

Carpenter, punishment, telephone, suddenly, valentine, remember, minister, enemies, decided, vaccinate, equipment, instrument, medicine, celebrate, potato, pretended, whispering, imitate, accident, surrender, propeller, mis-

taken, photograph, emergency, ammunition, elevator, conversation, invitation, celebration, etc., etc.

Now why don't we find words like these and thousands of others which first-graders understand, in the first-grade readers? The exponents of modern methods will alibi that words of this difficulty are not "primary-grade words." Nonsense! Thousands of two, three, and four syllable words are first grade words if we only teach youngsters to read.

Because they don't teach reading, the authors of the so-called basal readers find themselves in a position where they must screen, control, parcel out sparingly, and repeat their "Look, look, look. See, see, see, Sally" with maddening monotony—until normal Dicks and Janes are bored stiff.

5. The "but-these-critics-of-education-are-just-crackpot-writers-making-capital-of-a-good-market" defense. This shabby attempt to sluff off the whole controversy by accusing the critics of incompetence and insincerity has been especially popular since Flesch's "Johnny" became a bestseller. This accusation is amusing to some of us who know that Flesch and his fellow critics are rank amateurs at milking

the reading market. They aren't even in the same league with the old pros, who have been bilking the school budgets with their reading-readiness books, pre-primers, primers, first readers, collateral readers, workbooks, teachers' editions, pocket charts, picture, word and phrase cards, remedial readers, professional books on reading, cut-outs, jigsaw puzzles *ad infinitum*.

WE HOPE literate Americans will not be lulled by the siren song of the specialists that all is well in the teaching of reading. It is not enough that a small percentage of the populace be literate. If our Republic is to survive, not just the quantity but the quality of education must improve.

A tiny minority of real teachers who have questioned the sagacity of the experts, are discovering that most youngsters can learn to read and spell with great proficiency in the first grade. These teachers have abandoned the wordless reading-readiness workbooks with the rows of ducks and cats. They don't ask children to waste two to six weeks trying to find the duck going the other way or the cat with the short tail. Their kids learn to read in the first grade!

One announcer put it this way:

"And now to conclude our program of Christmas carols, our guest star will sing 'O Come, All Ye Faithful,' by *Adeste Fideles*."—From *Your Slip Is Showing*, by KERMIT SCHAFER, published by Grayson Publishing Corp.

by Claire McCarthy

The Passing ✓ of Thanksgiving

DO YOU REMEMBER the pictures we used to see every Autumn of stern Pilgrims, dressed in Puritan gray, their hands folded in fervent prayer, thanking God for the feast before them? And the store displays of pumpkins, purple grapes and pale green squashes? You seldom see them now—Thanksgiving got in the way of the “Do Your Christmas Shopping Early” campaign—so it had to go. Thanksgiving, once a glorious American tradition, is fast vanishing from American consciousness.

Thanksgiving today is celebrated quietly in homes, schools and churches, but otherwise ignored. Pick up your newspaper on Thanksgiving morning and you will see Santa Claus and Holly Wreaths and Christmas trees. Thanksgiving, which was meant to climax a beautiful and fruitful Indian Summer, is mentioned somewhere in small print. For many, Thanksgiving means just another

day off, with, perhaps, turkey for dinner.

Christmas decorations and Christmas ads come out with the last rose of summer. I, myself, almost fell for the idea of getting started on my Christmas shopping early. I even toyed with the thought of slipping the kids down to see Santa Claus before anyone but Santa himself had thought of it, and then Ann, my little girl, came home from school with a Thanksgiving poster. There, pasted on all lopsided, were the traditional Pilgrims seated around a table groaning with the fruits of the harvest, their hands folded and heads bowed reverently.

“Mommy, we learned about the first Thanksgiving today.” Then giving me a puzzled look, she asked: “When will Thanksgiving be this year?”

It's no wonder Ann was confused. At school they tell her it's Thanksgiving time, but walking

home, she sees nothing but store windows decked out for Christmas. My daughter's questions ended my uncertainty. I decided: nobody is going to make *me* forget about Thanksgiving Day!

Thanksgiving is a part of the very fabric of America. Something we count on. It's wonderful that each one of us can thank God according to his own lights. The Pilgrims came thousands of miles across a little-known ocean and suffered many hardships for that privilege. You might say Thanksgiving Day is one of the Four Freedoms in action. It seems a shame that it is now brushed aside!

WHO IN the world has more to be thankful for than Americans? Blessed with the bounty of the earth and the comfort of countless modern inventions, our standard of living is the highest anywhere. Shouldn't we take the time and effort really to make something of Thanksgiving or have we forgotten—now that we no longer have to battle the rocky soil, the freezing cold, and wild Indians lurking behind the trees?

It all started back in November, 1621, when the Pilgrims decided to have a special celebration thanking God for a plentiful harvest. For three days they feasted with their guests, the Indian king, Massasoit, and about ninety of his men. They all had plenty of venison, roast duck, roast goose, clams, and

other shellfish, eels, white and corn bread, leeks and watercress, with wild plums and dried berries for dessert. To add a gourmet touch, they served white and red wine made from wild grapes.

Their celebration was such a success that the Pilgrims decided to hold another the next year, and the next—until Thanksgiving Day became traditional—and this idea moved west with the pioneers.

For over two hundred years, it was only a local holiday. Then in 1863, during the Civil War, President Lincoln set aside the last Thursday in November for our first national Thanksgiving.

Americans do care about Thanksgiving. We didn't realize how much until August 1939 when Roosevelt, under pressure from retailers, announced that henceforth Thanksgiving Day would be on November 23 to allow an extra week for Christmas shopping.

Immediately, there were loud and strong protests. However, the President's order applied only to the District of Columbia and Federal territories. Each governor has the privilege of making his own proclamation regarding Thanksgiving. Some states followed the President and chose November 23 for Thanksgiving, some stuck to November 30, while still others celebrated both days.

Confusion reigned. Calendar manufacturers who print one year in advance, let out angry protests.

Turmoil grew among college football managers, hotel operators and interstate companies with wage and hour agreements, such as the railroads and airlines, which passed through states celebrating on different dates.

In some cases where the father got November 23 for Thanksgiving and his sons or daughters away at college had their Thanksgiving holiday on November 30, it was impossible for a family to celebrate the day together.

The expected boost to trade didn't come off. Some retailers even complained of higher labor costs because they were compelled to have extra help for five weeks instead of four, so President Roosevelt, admitting his mistake, quietly changed Thanksgiving back to the last Thursday of November amid general approval.

Still, Thanksgiving never quite

recovered from the blow that was dealt it and, today, it is the most obscure of our national holidays.

WHY must Thanksgiving be ignored? Shouldn't we hold on to the good and true customs of our forefathers, customs that are a part of the very foundation of our great nation? And shouldn't this tradition of Thanksgiving be made a very real part of our lives so that it will be passed on to our children and to succeeding generations?

If we give Thanksgiving its rightful place in our American culture, there will still be time for the true Christmas spirit.

Together we can enjoy the all-American dinner, happily reminiscing about Thanksgivings of other years, when we were children at home and Thanksgiving was a big day for everybody.

The American's Creed

I believe in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies. (Written by William Tyler Page, Clerk of the U. S. House of Representatives, in 1917, and adopted and promulgated by the Government's Committee on Publication. Accepted by the House of Representatives, on behalf of the American People, April 3, 1918.)

YPO stands for *SUCCESS*

by

Raymond Schuessler

Its members are young presidents, under 40, each heading a company that grosses over a million dollars' worth of business a year.

CAN a man start a business today and do at least \$1,000,000 a year in sales before reaching the age of 39?

He certainly can—according to 1,027 members of the Young Presidents Organization who have done just that in order to become eligible for this exclusive “club.” These men, with their sleeves rolled up and their eyes on tomorrow, are solid proof of the good old American story that opportunities for success await all those who have the will to work for it.

The YPO, with headquarters in New York City, was seven years old in October and has grown from an original 44 members. They wish they could make it 150,000,000. And since 75 percent of the presidents give workers the benefit of profit-sharing plans, they may well do so.

Seventy-five of the members are millionaires and all of the young presidents draw an average annual salary of \$41,000. Pretty soft, you

say? Then look here: More than 14 percent of all presidents average 63 hours a week at their desk. All of them average over 13 hours overtime per week. Most are constantly plagued by the frustrating feeling that they have more work to do in any given day than they can satisfactorily accomplish. That's how they got to be head of a million-dollar company.

Take Elsie Frankfurt, 38, who 17 years ago started Page Boy Fashions, Inc., in Dallas, Texas, with a capital of \$500, and has made it grow into a \$2,000,000 a year business selling maternity dresses.

Back in 1939, Elsie's younger sister was going to have a baby. Elsie looked her over critically.

“You look like an unmade bed,” she said.

Then she went to work and designed the type of maternity dress that attracted so much interest it led to formation of the now highly successful business.

Not every YPO member has a dramatic story, or one so easily capsuled. A good many started their own businesses, however, despite interruptions for war service. Others worked up through the ranks of established firms to the top position. The commonest pattern is from successful salesman to manager to administrator. Others suddenly found the responsibility of a large firm thrust upon them when fathers or other relatives passed away.

DURING YPO's first year, efforts were made to help members improve management of their own plants. The group wants to make certain that every opportunity is given to their own employees to advance through their own initiative and enterprise.

"Trouble with too many young people today is that they are only 50 percenters, 40 percenters, or, at best 60 percenters," is how John W. Rollins, 39, president of John W. Rollins Associates, expressed it. He heads a management firm in Rehoboth, Delaware, that manages his growing enterprises. They include a national lease-and-sales passenger car and truck service, three auto dealer franchises, three broadcasting stations, an electronic manufacturing plant, and a huge farm resort in Georgia stocked with polled Hereford cattle, all of which gross more than \$15,000,000 a year.

A Georgia farm boy, with only

a high school education, he began work as a boilermaker, took correspondence courses, attended night school, came up the hard way.

"We wonder what is going to happen to America if the youngsters coming along continue to look outside themselves for security instead of to themselves," Rollins said.

To inspire others to similar enterprise, YPO believes it is important for presidents of companies to make continuing education possible for those who work for them.

"Modern business often is inclined to spend more money on machines than on individual human beings," Mills B. Lane, president of the Citizens & Southern National Bank, Atlanta, Georgia, explained. Citizens & Southern sets aside an appropriation of \$12,000 a month to be spent on education and travel for junior executives, has stock participation plans, gives liberal vacations.

"The spark of ambition with which most men and women are born must be cultivated," Lane said. "People must be taught to conserve as opposed to squandering their resources. It's a job of human engineering."

One of the advocates of profit sharing is Frank B. Rackley, 39, president of the Jessop Steel Company, Washington, Pennsylvania. He is the nation's youngest head of a steel producing company.

"Give workers a more realistic

share of the American profit system under which they work," is Rackley's formula. In his plant, in 1950, every one of the 800 employees became stockholders.

Rackley is the son of a blacksmith. He grew up in a rough Pennsylvania steel town, and remains proud of the fact that being president of a prospering concern hasn't worn his own personal roughness too smooth. He enjoys a good fight, having fought his way from the bottom to the top.

THESE are exceptional men. They have reached the top 20 years sooner than most company heads do. But they all realize that part of their success is due to their employees and to their communities. Some 75 percent give workers the benefit of profit-sharing plans. "Let a man share in the profits derived from his work and you have entrenched the free enterprise system with him," is the philosophy of many. Many use IQ tests to cull promising talent for promotion and special training.

Typical of a common pattern among members is the advance of Dick Sellars up the ranks from salesman to president of the Johnson & Johnson subsidiary, Ethicon Suture Laboratories. Dick got his first taste for selling as a customers' man and stock salesman in his native Springfield, Massachusetts. At the age of 24, he switched to selling to drug stores, moved up rap-

idly to district sales manager, to vice-president in charge of a Canadian branch, and then to assistant to president and finally president.

Depressions or wars have failed to halt advances of the young presidents. Bill Coleman, 38, selling wire advertising specialties, formed his own company, Coleman-Pettersen Inc. of Cleveland and Los Angeles. Although his career was interrupted by Navy service, his firm is now going great guns.

Biographical data on YPO members reveals almost every legitimate business you can name. Currently, in addition to tending business, every single member is serving some civic or trade group, proving the old adage "if you want something done, call on a busy man to do it." The most common job young presidents are asked to perform is to head up local Community Chest drives. Some 10 are active in local politics.

They believe, as President Griswold of Yale University once said, "Neither technology nor dialectics can ever replace the creative individual." Each one of the YPO members constitutes a separate success story of how creative individualism still pays off in America.

They have gotten where they are, too, because they know how to rise to the occasion in times of crisis. Casey Stengel was once asked why he was the highest paid man-

ager in baseball. His answer was that "Anybody can run a ball club when the pitching is good and everybody's hitting. It's when they ain't that you need guys like me." And it is in similar periods of crisis that these presidents are most apt to prove again why they became presidents in the first place.

THEY KNOW how to fight when their backs are against the wall. Here's what happened to one:

"My morning's mail brought me a 60-day notice of contract termination. We are a distributor. This contract represented 95 percent of our gross. It was necessary to decide whether we should salvage what we could or close down. I decided to fight. In the next 60 days, I wrote over 8,000 letters, traveled over 6,000 miles and secured for our organization products of equal or better potential than the one we lost."

Another one reported: "A tornado destroyed our plant. Some of the stockholders favored distributing the insurance we received and liquidating the company. But I decided to rebuild and did so with a 50 percent increase in production capacity. We now have a larger and more profitable business."

And another: "A company 50

times our size tried to rub us out. They established a price structure 35 percent below our present cost, and 15 percent below our cost at full production. In six months they cut our sales in half. We refused to sell out. We cut costs to the bone, negotiated mergers, reorganized management and developed new products. We may emerge stronger than we were beforehand."

These men are demons on anything that deals with self-improvement. At any given time about three out of four are actively engaged in doing something to improve themselves. They will not hesitate to go to any length to improve themselves in areas where they feel they are weak.

One man has decided this year not to refuse any invitation to speak, although he hates public speaking, because he feels the need to practice.

Another went out of his way without charge to arrange for the financing of a business associate's company so that he could learn more about capital formation and management.

All are convinced that despite high taxes and other restraints on business, opportunities for forming or enlarging one's own business remain unlimited.

Jack Paar asked Frank Scully, father of five, why he had so many children. "Because," said Frank, "we never wanted the youngest one to be spoiled!"

—EARL WILSON

Can We Cope With Comfort?

by Kenneth Sellers

IT WAS the rush hour, and the elevator in the big residence hotel stopped at almost every floor. At the tenth we picked up a very old gentleman and his male nurse. I could tell from the old man's garulous and not very coherent remarks that time or illness had dimmed his mind. Like most of the other passengers, I pretended not to notice.

But when a handsomely-dressed young mother and her daughter, about eight, got on the elevator, the old gentleman swept off his hat with all the verve and gallantry of a man half his age. He alone, of all the male passengers, made the gesture. I was a trifle embarrassed.

Crossing the lobby after we had reached the ground floor, I overheard the eight-year-old pipe to her mother, "What's wrong with

that funny old man, Mama? Every time we get on the elevator he takes off his hat."

"He's terribly old, darling," was the young matron's reply, "and his mind's going. Senile, it's called. Just pretend you don't see him."

Without realizing it she accurately had summed up the philosophy behind today's growing cult of "informalism." It is a cult—or, if you like, a point of view—which rates most commonly-accepted social conventions and courtesies as outmoded relics of the past. And, at the same time, it equates sloppy manners with modernity and comfortable informality.

How do you recognize an informalist? Generally the species is highly articulate and greatly concerned about cultural matters. It will not read mass circulation



magazines, hates Western movies, gangster pictures and musicals, has hi-fidelity sound equipment in its living rooms and will not admit on pain of death to watching television.

It raves about the fine old traditions of Europe and speaks knowingly of vintage wines. It likes to wear blue jeans and sit on the floor at parties.

BUT the informalist is not always a culture hound. He can be discovered in goodly numbers in Suburbia, too, where the conversation is more likely to be on obstetrics and golf than the music of Bartok. You can literally bump into him anywhere.

So gradually have many of us succumbed to the blandishments of informalism that sometimes a distinct shock is required to show us just how far we've slipped and where we stand.

Mine came rudely a few years ago in Italy. A lawyer friend was introducing me to his mother-in-law, a dignified woman of about 50. We had just entered the house, and a foyer table stood between us and our approaching hostess.

"Mama," my friend said, "you've heard me speak often of my American friend. May I present him now?"

With the table still between us, I leaned over and stuck out my hand. Lightning fast, but gently, my friend moved between me and

the table, threw his arm around my shoulder to disguise the near *faux pas* and conducted me around the table to a point where I could shake hands at close range.

"If you're going to shake hands at all," my friend told me later, "don't do it leaning over a table."

I tried to excuse my laxness by pointing out that we Americans are not much for ceremony. My Italian friend only smiled. "I spent four years in the States," he said, "and I have never seen so much formality as you use in setting up business letters and maintaining office procedure. Surely you could spare some of that effort for dealing with people."

It was a sound argument. After all, if we insist on being so orderly in business, it looks as if we ought to keep our channels clear in our human relations as well.

I didn't reform overnight, however. The rationalizations of informalism are too potent and go too deep to be quickly overcome. And sometimes to defy them and cling to ordinary courtesy can provoke almost as much indignation as a breach of the moral code. Jim, a business acquaintance of mine, discovered this not long ago.

I remarked to him one day that I hadn't seen him with Harry, once his constant luncheon companion, for several weeks.

"Harry's sore at me," was the explanation. "Won't speak to me."

HE and Harry had been lunching with a woman business associate in a Chinese restaurant. Tea was served with the food. Harry, from what Jim supposed was a lapse of memory, poured for his male friend first. When he went on repeating the oversight Jim mildly reproved him. Harry angrily banged down the teapot, called for his check and stalked out. Puzzled, Jim telephoned him later that day for an explanation.

"You can take all your phony formalities and go to the devil," was the answer.

To informalists like Harry the whole area of human behavior labeled "manners" is suspect, even though he may grudgingly comply with its more insistent demands. He can't help associating good manners with hypocrisy. By the same token, in his mind anything casual and informal must automatically represent the best expression of sincerity and tact. As a result he is capable of committing endless social barbarities in the name of friendship.

That was how my friend Bob almost became a victim of informalism. Long a bachelor, Bob had carried on a platonic friendship with an older woman, Eileen, for several years. Eileen had helped him in his work and, of course, Bob was grateful. When he became engaged to Marilyn, he naturally hoped that she and Eileen would be good friends.

Eileen also looked forward to meeting Bob's fiancée, and invited them to her apartment for dinner. They arrived dressed informally, but carefully. Eileen wasn't home, but the maid explained she would return shortly. Twenty minutes later Eileen breezed in, shouted "Hi!" and swept out again, to change. As an afterthought she yelled from the bedroom for Bob to mix drinks. He did, getting the ice from the kitchen himself.

Presently Eileen returned, dressed in slacks and a faded old sweater, and plopped down on the sofa. "Relax, you two," she said cheerfully. "Bob, take off your coat. Marilyn, take off your shoes and put your feet up."

The evening continued in the same way. Bob and Marilyn left feeling hurt—and hungry, for the dinner had been pot-luck served buffet style. Marilyn broke into tears, sure that hidden jealousy was at the bottom of the treatment Eileen had given them. Bob disagreed. Eileen, he insisted, was incapable of such pettiness. A quarrel followed, and the engagement almost ended that evening.

Desperate, Bob called on Eileen for a frank talk. As he had expected, she was horrified at the suggestion that any slight had been intended. She admitted, however, that she deliberately had planned an evening as informal, even casual, as possible.

"I thought it would put Marilyn

at ease," was her explanation. "I didn't want her to think she was up for inspection or that I was testing her manners."

Inadvertently it *had* been a test of Marilyn's manners—as informalism usually is.

WHAT's behind this swing to the ways of the jungle, this black-out of the stop-and-go lights of social behavior?

It started some half-century ago as a rebellion against the over-ceremoniousness of the Victorian Age. Social intercourse then was likely to consist of much form and little content.

Today, of course, we've pretty well done away with that, but hasn't the pendulum swung a bit too far in the opposite direction? It appears so to me at least when, for example, my host and hostess try to denude me of my jacket the moment I cross their threshold.

For some reason or other this is always their target. "Make yourself comfortable," they cry. No amount of protests can persuade them that I'm not being stuffy by wanting to cling to my jacket. Within its ample pockets are objects without which I am distinctly uncomfortable. Yet nothing will do but that I must part with my comforts on the basis that a show of shirtsleeves is somehow a guarantee of a warm, friendly and successful party.

Perhaps the only thing we can do in the present state of affairs is wait for the inevitable reaction. And what a day that will be as the pendulum slowly swings back. We will all call each other Mr., Miss or Mrs. for at least the first 15 minutes of acquaintance!

And maybe it will even be possible to go home from a party knowing the last names of some of the guests!

Revaluation

Calvin Coolidge was given a handsome cane at a large dinner. The man who made the presentation speech said:

"The mahogany from which this cane is fashioned is as solid as the rock-bound coast of Maine, as beautiful as the sun-kissed shores of California!"

The President accepted the cane and looked it over while the audience sat hushed. Then Mr. Coolidge raised his eyes.

"Birch," he said, and sat down.

—*The Compleat Practical Joker*. Copyright, 1953,
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The UN's Secret Key to Power

by the Reverend Claude Bunzel

ON New Year's day of 1949, the *United Nations Bulletin* said that "on December 10, the General Assembly wrote a page of history and helped to shape the future of all mankind by passing and proclaiming the Universal Declaration of Human Rights."

Another UN publication, a pamphlet entitled *Our Rights As Human Beings*, said of the Declaration: "It is a long step forward in the history of mankind—a blueprint for a new social order."

Blueprints are plans for buildings or machines. Then political blueprints must be plans for political buildings or political machines. A "universal" political blueprint must envisage a "universal" political order. And so, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights *must* contain the details of the kind of world government that is in store for us.

What are some of the details of this universal blueprint of "human

rights" or "human controls"? The details are embedded in the various articles of the document that is "to shape the future of all mankind." Among them are: the right to work; the right to leisure; the right to freedom of movement in and out of any country; the right to social security (on a worldwide scale); the right to food, clothing, housing, medical care and the like; and the right to education.

How wonderful all this sounds—until someone begins to ask certain questions. That is a human right, too—the right to ask questions! Who is to guarantee all these rights? Where is the money coming from to make them possible? How are they to be implemented? What is the standard by which a "right" is determined to be a right rather than a wrong?

Are these predetermined rights to be entered into voluntarily by those who will, or are they to be forced upon people whether or no?

If some of the people decline to participate in them, how can they be "universal" rights? If all people are forced to accept them, are they not actually restraints?

One key to the answers is the actual text of the closing article of the Declaration. Article 30 reads:

Nothing in this Declaration may be interpreted as implying for *any* State, group or person *any* right to engage in *any* activity or to perform *any* act aimed at the destruction of *any* of the rights and freedoms set forth herein (italics added).

SOME PEOPLE who defend the Declaration use an argument that goes something like this: "The Declaration is only a declaration. It is not law. It is not binding. Its only force is moral force."

All this is quite true. Yet the *effect* of it is false. It is false because it hides from view the fact that the Declaration is but the first of several steps in the over-all plan "to shape the future of all mankind."

There is good authority for this. The late A. H. Feller, former UN General Counsel, is one. His book, *United Nations and World Community*, asserts:

"The Declaration has behind it only moral force. Its provisions are neither legally binding nor enforceable. The next step has therefore been to elaborate conventions [treaties] in which States would accept binding obligations in the field

of human rights. The first of these was the Genocide Convention. . . ."

It is by means of these supposedly humanitarian conventions, covenants and treaties that "States" are induced to "accept binding obligations in the field of human rights." Why is this strategy necessary? Admittedly it is because there cannot be world government without world law, and because there cannot be world law without world police to *enforce* world law upon "world citizens!"

The Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide was the first treaty that translated a portion of the Declaration into "binding obligations in the field of human rights." This treaty, popularly called the Genocide Convention, is characteristic of other present-day international treaties. To analyze it is virtually to analyze them all—insofar as mechanics and effect are concerned.

First, however, thanks can be given to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt for making abundantly clear the distinction between the Universal Declaration and the many treaties elaborated to implement that Declaration. This distinction was made in her article in *Foreign Affairs*, April, 1948, where she contrasted the Declaration with the Covenant of Human Rights (referred to in her article as "the Convention"):

"If the declaration is accepted by

the Assembly, it will mean that all of the nations accepting it hope that the day will come when these rights are considered inherent rights of every human being, but it will not mean that they have to change their laws immediately to make these rights possible.

"On the other hand, as the Convention is ratified by one nation after another, it will require that each ratifying nation change its law where necessary, in order that every human being within its borders shall enjoy the rights set forth."

IN WHAT WAY does the growing body of world law serve the interests of emerging world government? The answer to this question is at least partially found in a realistic analysis of a treaty like the Genocide Convention.

The Convention is, ostensibly, a treaty to prevent and punish the crime of genocide. Genocide—race-killing—should be abhorred by every human being. Even where it is not outlawed legally, it is outlawed morally. The Genocide Convention, though, uses the idea of "race-killing" as the focal point around which to cluster a host of additional "crimes." This, by the way, is the first thing to notice about modern international treaties: regardless of the humanitarianism of a treaty's *title*, what is the content of its *text*?

In this particular treaty, for example, the inflicting of "serious

bodily or mental harm to members of the group" is declared to be "a crime under international law" which "the Contracting Parties . . . undertake to prevent and punish" (Article II). The "power politics" aspect of this article is quite transparent, however, because the *political* group was excluded from the list of groups covered! Article III also reaches far beyond the idea of "race-killing" by declaring: "The following acts shall be punishable: (a) Genocide; (b) Conspiracy to commit genocide; (c) Direct and public incitement to commit genocide; (d) Attempt to commit genocide; (e) Complicity in genocide."

Other characteristic features of today's international treaties are the arbitrary manner in which they override the domestic laws of sovereign nations, and the way they elevate world law in general to such a height that the judicial powers of sovereign nations eventually will be invalidated. The Genocide Convention provides specific instances of both these characteristics. Article I reads:

"The Contracting Parties confirm that genocide, whether committed in time of peace or in time of war, is a crime under international law which they undertake to prevent and punish."

It does not require any imagination to realize that Article I serves as advance notice that "the Contracting Parties" intend to project

themselves into the domestic affairs of any nation whose citizens chance to have been charged with the "crime" of genocide. Now this busy-bodiness is limited to those nations that have duly ratified the Convention; but when *world* government has finally emerged, there will be no such limitation!

Article V provides: "The Contracting Parties undertake to enact, in accordance with their respective Constitutions, the necessary legislation to give effect to the provisions of the present Convention and, in particular, to provide effective penalties for persons guilty of genocide or any of the other acts enumerated in Article III." This article can only mean one thing: Every nation that ratifies the Convention has started down a road so narrow that "U" turns are impossible. Why? Because these nations will, by their ratification, agree to enact domestic laws "to give effect to the present Convention."

Article IX of the Genocide Convention will turn the Supreme Court of the United States into an inferior court, if this nation ever ratifies it, or any other treaty containing a similar provision. Its far-reaching language reads: "Disputes between the Contracting Parties relating to the interpretation, application or fulfilment of the present Convention, including those relating to the responsibility of a State for genocide or any of the other acts enumerated in Arti-

cle III, shall be submitted to the International Court of Justice at the request of any of the parties to the dispute."

THE Genocide Convention is *not* a treaty to protect human rights on a world-wide scale. Instead, it is a political shillelagh for the police state. The article that forewarns us of this is Article II. According to Article II, genocide is considered to be a crime "under international law" only when committed against "a national, ethnical, racial or religious group as such." The political group, originally included in the draft treaty, somehow came up missing when time for the final vote arrived. This means that "inhuman wrongs" can be committed against fellow human beings, so long as the wrongs are committed against those who are claimed to be "enemies of the State." Any dictator anywhere would enthusiastically support such a treaty provision.

Since the Genocide Convention has been used to highlight some of the characteristics of modern treaties, it may be well to follow through with the treaty elaborated to implement the Genocide treaty. Its high-sounding name is: "Offenses Against the Peace and Security of Mankind." If the Genocide Convention can be called a political shillelagh for the police state, this implementing treaty can be called the "arm" that swings it

upon the heads of the hapless victims. And, even though it is yet in draft form, nevertheless it, too, is characteristic enough to comment upon, in order to show the important place that implementing treaties hold in the world government that is emerging.

It is simply amazing to glance backward as we move through history. Only then is it possible to realize the vast amount of planning that must surely have gone into the UN and its related organs, commissions, committees and agencies. A year before the General Assembly adopted the Genocide Convention, the assembly created the International Law Commission. This body of 15 men was empowered to promote "the progressive development of international law and its codification," whether public or private.

The Commission, according to its own statute, must as a whole be representative "of the main forms of civilization and of the principal legal systems of the world." How this impossible task is to be accomplished, and which nation is to relinquish what part of its legal system, is not stated. One thing is certain, however: something somewhere must give way somehow.

A VALUABLE LESSON in the questionable art of power politics can be learned from Article 26 of the International Law Commission's Statute. This article grants the Commission power to "consult

with any international or national organization, official or non-official, on any subject entrusted to it . . ." Then the third paragraph of this article delimits this power in a very revealing way: "In the application of the provisions of this article, the Commission and the Secretary-General . . . shall ~~exclude from consultations and from the list, organizations which have collaborated with the Nazis and Fascists.~~"

If a man is confronted with three armed bandits, his pocketbook is not any the safer if two of them drop dead before him. In fact, that will only eliminate an intramural fight among the bandits over who is to hold the purse! In much the same way the International Law Commission's delimiting paragraph has merely eliminated *two* of the *three* main forms of totalitarianism—and has created a political monopoly for Communist totalitarianism.

If those who drafted the Commission's statute had had uppermost in their minds the interest of worldwide freedom and justice, that paragraph would have read something like this ". . . organizations which have collaborated with the Nazis, Fascists, Communists, or any other organizations that support any totalitarian system."

In its 1951 Report, the International Law Commission acknowledged that Article I of its proposed Code of Offenses Against the Peace and Security of Mankind was based on one of the principles of the

Nuremberg Tribunal held in 1945. That article decrees: "Offenses against the peace and security of mankind, as defined in this Code, are crimes under international law." The offenses "defined in this Code" are those listed in the Convention on Genocide—verbatim.

How close are we to the trial of world criminals under world law before the world court of a world government? That question cannot be answered yet. Nevertheless, an International Criminal Court is distinctly visible on the horizon. And this International Court becomes the climactic "piece" in the clever political jigsaw puzzle which spells *world government*.

December, 1948, must have been a stupendous month for the UN. It yielded the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and the Genocide Convention. It also resolved that "there will be an increasing need of an international judicial organ for the trial of certain crimes under international law."

The logic of the situation is unbeatable. Since an entirely new code of "international law" is being created to cope with a new catalog of "international crimes," they must have a new court to try the new company of "international criminals!" That is why in December 1948 the General Assembly invited the International Law Commission "to study the desirability and possibility of establishing an international judicial organ for the trial of

persons charged with genocide or other crimes over which jurisdiction will be conferred upon that organ by international convention."

IF YOU WERE to read the 55 articles of the draft statute of this proposed International Criminal Court, you would likely come to this conclusion: Here is the draft statute for an international criminal court, with power to arrest any individual for any crime (assuming the State in question has granted jurisdiction, and the crime in question has been covered by some treaty). These few articles of the Court's Draft Statute fully justify such a startling conclusion:

Article I: There is established an International Criminal Court to try natural persons accused of crimes generally recognized under international law.

Article 27: Trials shall be without jury, except where otherwise provided in the instrument by which jurisdiction has been conferred upon the court.

Article 40: The Court shall have power to issue warrants of arrest related to crimes over which the Court has jurisdiction.

Article 41: The Court shall decide whether the accused shall remain in custody during the trial or be provisionally set at liberty, and the conditions under which such provisional liberty shall be granted.

Article 49: The judgment shall be final and without appeal.



THE FAITH OF MY FATHER

by Robert M. Burt

WHENEVER I feel beaten, lost, fearful, I remember a little man of mighty spirit, and my courage returns with a warming rush.

It was 50 years ago and my missionary father, mother, and I were in Shiu Hing on the turbulent West River, 75 miles above Canton. One of the most anti-foreign cities of South China, it had cradled the bloody Tai Ping rebellion of an earlier period. We were the lone Americans there. The only other foreign devils, as the Chinese called us, were an English missionary and his family of four, and two French Jesuit priests, all some miles away.

There was a fish pond behind our riverfront mission and, one morning, my father and I were on the rear porch which overhung it. It was the coolest spot in the mud-brick and tile house, although the temperature in the shade was 95°.

Mother came in silently from the native-style kitchen. Beads of perspiration studded a placid brow framed by finely textured gray hair. She was gentle and soft-spoken, and her satin slippers gleamed as she went quietly to father, who was preparing the next day's sermon from his well-thumbed Bible. Tenderly she touched the thread-

bare clerical frock which he wore despite the heat.

Father's gaunt features lighted. He closed the Bible and looked up at her fondly from deep-set brown eyes. "I'm sorry to disturb you," she said, "but we have no money left and practically nothing to eat. It doesn't matter so much about us, but I hate to see the girls go hungry."

Mother had started a blind girl's orphanage and there were nine mouths to feed.

"You must not be troubled," he said calmly. "It shows a lack of faith in God. He sent us here to do His work. He will take care of our needs. Come," and he motioned to me, too, "let us kneel and tell Him about it."

So we three knelt down, in plain sight of neighbors and fishermen on the pond, and my father told God about it. He prayed for five minutes in a quiet, conversational tone, and the tension induced by mother's words left us. When my father finished we arose and he said to mother, "Now forget all about it. Do your best to make the girls comfortable. We have placed the problem in our Heavenly Father's hands and He will provide. It won't matter if we miss a meal or two. He might let that happen to test our faith."

We had no lunch and about 3 P.M., I began to get anxious. Suddenly I heard a loud flapping of wings overhead and raucous cries.

Then came a resounding plunk, followed by shrieks from the old Chinese woman who was our cook. I ran to the patio. She was holding a big fish and looking up into the sky in amazement.

By that time, both father and mother had arrived and the old lady told us one of the huge birds that fished in the river had been attacked by another and had dropped the fish it was carrying.

"You see," said father, "God has answered our prayer. Let this be a lesson never to doubt Him. Now let us give thanks." So the four of us knelt again while he told God of our gratitude.

That evening, we and the blind girls had a rich stew made of the fish and scrapings from the bottom of the rice barrel.

SIX YEARS before in Los Angeles. When father, formerly a Baptist minister, was 45 years old, he had asked a missionary society to accept him for service in China. After an examination, the chairman of the medical board told him he could not be accepted. Furthermore, he should settle his earthly affairs because his serious heart condition allowed him only a few more months to live.

Well do I remember the afternoon when father came home with that news. "Long ago," he said to us calmly, "I accepted Christ as the Savior of my soul, but I have not had sufficient faith to believe

in Him for my body." Then he smiled. "I have asked him to forgive my lack of confidence. From now on, I accept Him completely."

Father believed that God had called him to carry the gospel to the Chinese. Since no missionary society would accept him, God would have to provide some other way. And provide He did. When people heard about father's dedication, they came offering money and support for the projected mission. Three years later we were in Shiu Hing.

Before leaving Hong Kong for the trip inland by boat, we went through the terrible typhoon of 1906 which, within a half hour, claimed 25,000 lives in that city. We were staying in a three-story apartment house in Kowloon across the harbor—a building with walls of massive masonry. Within an hour after the final black signal ball had been hoisted on Hong Kong Peak, 140-mile winds were driving trans-Pacific passenger liners high on shore.

Everyone in the building gathered in the tiled passageway on the ground floor. Father weighed only 120 pounds, the smallest man there, but he was a tower of strength. His fearlessness was a rock to which all others clung. During the height of the storm, adjacent structures crumbled and the screams of the dying were heard above the raging wind.

Seeing the panic-stricken faces,

father, calm and serene, asked: "Where is your faith?" Then he kneeled and Christians and pagans alike did the same, pressing as close as possible. In a fearless voice which could be heard above the turmoil, father prayed, telling the Almighty of our plight. It was a sight never to be forgotten—skull caps and pigtaails bobbing up and down between hatless foreign heads, the hearts of all filled with supplication. Soon the storm was over and our building, no stronger than its neighbors, stood unharmed.

THERE came another day I will never forget. It was the monsoon season in Shiu Hing and rain had been falling in torrents for days. Travel from outlying farms and villages had become dangerous, because of high water and slippery trails. We had been out of food for almost two days. It was 2 P.M. when, above the incessant clatter of the rain on the tile roof, came a loud pounding on the front door. I admitted a stocky, barrel-chested peasant, barefooted, his wide-brimmed reed hat a soggy mass about his bronze face, carrying two huge wicker baskets by a pole across his shoulders.

Everyone in the household gathered round him, looking hungrily at the large amount of fruit and vegetables, including three chickens and a suckling pig. None had ever seen him before.

While a puddle of water gathered about his feet on the earthen floor, the man explained that because of the bad weather, it had taken him since daylight to walk the three miles from his farm. He then dumped the contents of the baskets on the floor amidst the squawking of the chickens and squeals of the pig. Saying he had to hurry to make his home before dark, he grabbed his pole and baskets, heading for the door.

Father, who had taken all this quite calmly, called after him, asking if he hadn't made a mistake. Just before reaching the door he turned, smiled and bowed, saying: "No. No mistake. My God tell me give to you."

Again everyone kneeled and father thanked the Almighty.

IN THE FIRST few years at Shiu Hing, we were reviled and treated with contempt. But as time went on and the Chinese saw that father lived the gospel he preached, they began to accept his presence and ended by revering him. In fact, he became something of a celebrity whose advice was sought by the mandarin, head of the local government.

Once, when the river was at flood stage, father was baptizing two converts. As usual, a huge crowd watched from the bank. Most Chinese fear water and do not swim. The second convert became frightened when immersed and grabbed

desperately at my frail father, who promptly lost his footing. They were both swept out into the surging currents.

Although father was at home in the water, the convert, a large and brawny peasant, had a strangle hold on him. An exceptionally large and muscular Chinese who swam well but professed to hate foreign devils, saved them both.

Father said to him: "God put it into your heart to save us. You, too, will be saved." And he was, being baptized himself several months later.

Regularly every six months, the U.S. Navy gunboat *Callao* steamed up the river to inquire about the well-being of all American citizens. It was a welcome and memorable sight to see the trim and immaculate squad of Marines, commanded by a young second lieutenant, debark and march to the mission. Tea and Chinese cakes were always served and once the lieutenant asked: "Isn't it good to know your country is watching over you?"

Father smiled benignly. "Yes, Lieutenant, but it's better to know that God is."

In 1934, I returned to Shiu Hing after an absence of 23 years. Father was then 77, growing steadily weaker, but his indomitable spirit was as strong as ever. He was loved by the entire community—those whom he had guided to Christ and those who still worshipped the gods of their ancestors.

Already the land stood in the shadow of Japanese occupation and both Russian and Chinese Reds were spreading Communist ideology. While I was there, two sallow Russians were arrested by local police. The mandarin asked father to interview them and I went along.

Strangely, one spoke German, and since father had attended Heidelberg University in his youth, they got along well. I could see father didn't like the replies he received from his questions as to what the two were doing, but he advised the mandarin to release them if they promised to leave the country. Otherwise he knew they might have their heads lopped off, the usual sentence for criminals and river pirates.

The mandarin did let them go, and told them not to come back. But father prophesied that they and their kind would return, to the detriment of the peace-loving Chinese.

Three years later, at the age of 80 and with 60 years of earthly

service to God and his fellow men at an end, father was lovingly laid to rest by Chinese mission members at the side of my mother. They lie in a hallowed nook of tropical beauty in the center of the extensive compound which he, with God's help, had built from the original tiny river-front mission.

ON two small stones, in English and Chinese, are their names:

Harriet Jerome

and Edwin Palmer Burt

In Red hands now, no word comes from Shiu Hing. Often I wonder what the Communists have done with the practical and beautiful mission property, and those to whom father dedicated his life. Has happy Christian living been succeeded by terror and hopelessness?

That last word is wrong. From where father is watching, he would frown on its use. This is merely a period of testing, he would say. All will be well if they place their faith in God.

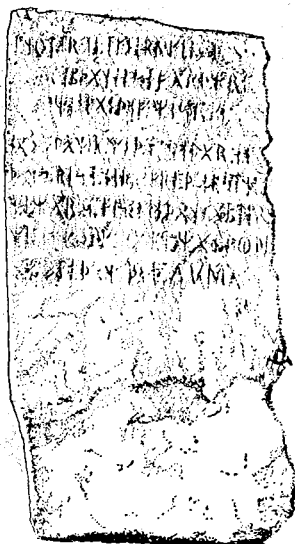
The Deciding Factor

A man looked over a car in an auto salesroom and then was given a demonstration, but did not make a decision. The following day he turned up again and stated that he had decided to buy the car.

"That's fine," said the salesman, pleased at having satisfied his customer. "Now tell me, what was the one dominating thing that made you buy this car?"

The man grinned. "My wife."

—*Tid-Bits*



The Riddle of the Stone

by
Jesse C. Burt

ingly unknown to the general public.

It is as fascinating as anything to be found in American history. Here is a rock found in Minnesota that many believe was actually left there by a heroic party of Viking explorers in the year 1362. Dr. Matthew W. Stirling of the Smithsonian Institution, has termed it, "probably the most important archeological object yet found in North America."

A SENSATIONAL STORY in the Minneapolis *Journal* on June 2, 1910, claimed to give the true facts about Minnesota's ultra-controversial Kensington Stone. According to this story, the finder of the stone, a farmer named Olof Ohman, was a liar such as the Midwest, if not all America, had never seen before.

The Kensington Stone remains a bitterly controversial question. It seems to be without precedent in 20th Century history. The fabulous story is known well to scholars and specialists but is surpris-

The curious story started on a hot day in August, 1898. Olof Ohman was grubbing stumps on his farm near Kensington in west central Minnesota. One stump gave Ohman a lot of trouble. The roots of the stump clutched a stone that weighed nearly 200 pounds. When the perspiring Ohman finally had wrenched the stump out of the ground, he happened to notice that the big smoothly-shaped rock in the roots was most unusual. On

this rock were hundreds of chisel marks, neat and angular, and in regular rows.

In all his life, Ohman had had nine months of education but in Sweden he had seen rune stones with inscriptions cut into them. So, just as farmers today send odd-shaped sweet potatoes or unusual natural objects to the local bank for display, Olof Ohman carted the big rock off to his bank. The manager of the bank thought that the rock might be a rune stone. The stone was made available to university scholars for examination.

Within a year's time, the inscription had been partially translated by Minnesota and Northwestern university professors. These gentlemen concluded the stone was a fake. Just to be sure, they sent their negative report to the great University of Oslo. From that citadel of learning came a thunderous telegram.

Oslo experts completely wrote off the Kensington Stone, which they had never seen in person, as "a grand fraud perpetrated by a Swede with a chisel and a slight knowledge of runic characters and of English."

TIME WENT ON. Suddenly, in 1907, a champion of the Kensington Stone made his voice heard. This was Hjalmar R. Holand, who had a M.A. from the University of Wisconsin. Holand

had studied runology at the University. Holand first became interested in the Kensington Stone because he knew Olof Ohman personally. He had made the most elaborate checks of Ohman's character and reputation and could not believe that the farmer was a liar.

Hjalmar R. Holand made the first complete translation of the controversial inscription. Put into modern English the chisel marks read as follows: "8 Goths and 22 Norwegians on exploration-journey from Vinland across West. We had camp by 2 skerries one day's journey north from this stone. We were and fished one day. After we came home and found 10 men red with blood and dead. A V M save us from evil. Have 10 men by the sea to look after our ships 14 days' journey from this island. Year 1362."

Out of this has come a blazing, bitterly personal, slashing controversy. Just why there has been a fuss is brilliantly indicated in the following sardonic words from Dr. Johannes Brøndsted, world-famed archeologist of Copenhagen: "This then is an account, without mentioning names, of an expedition of 30 men who, away in the wilderness, far from their ships at the sea coast, have suffered a bloody attack. Ten of the thirty were killed (scalped?) while the others were out fishing. They send a prayer to the Virgin Mary (A V M is deciphered as Ave

Virgo Maria), and in conclusion the runes say that 10 men are by the sea keeping guard on the expedition ships. *Moreover, that this happened in 1362.* (Italics supplied.)

At the present moment, however, scholarly opinion on the merits of the Kensington Stone is evenly divided. When the Kensington Stone was first examined back in 1899, and then damned and denounced before a complete translation of the chisel marks had been made, little was known about Eric the Red and Leif Ericson that could be accepted. It's different now. And these adventures are highly important to the plausibility of the case for the Stone.

WE NOW KNOW that Eric the Red discovered Greenland in the year 982. He founded a colony of Scandinavians there. His son Leif, found "Vinland," around the year 1,000. Vinland was probably the geographical hook known today as Cape Cod. We aren't sure, just now, but will be, eventually.

The Greenlanders helped support the Crusades late in the 13th century. Vatican records indicate a definite, working tie-in with Greenland two hundred years before Christopher Columbus was born!

But Greenland did not prosper. There was bad trouble with the Eskimos. The colonists lost touch with United Sweden and Norway.

In 1354, strong King Magnus sent an expedition to Greenland to re-organize the colony. A copy of the original order for this expedition has recently been published. Did this *bona fide* expedition, whose existence no one doubts now, go from Greenland to discover and explore the heartland of the American continent? Many able and recognized scholars reply in the affirmative. Thus it would not have been too hard for the far-ranging Norsemen to reach Minnesota.

Hjalmar A. Holand remains the leading champion of the Kensington Stone. He is a crusty, pipe-smoking, highly energetic man and one of the few men to explore the coastline of North America on foot from Hudson River to Gaspé. His long crusade to get a better hearing for the Kensington Stone is as exciting as it is admirable.

Holand contends that part of the 1354 Greenland expedition, 30 men in all, sailed along the coast of Labrador, and continued until they came to Hudson Bay. They continued sailing until they came to the mighty Nelson River. They went up this river to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of only 300 miles, until they could stop a while. They soon discovered that the fabled Red River of the North emptied into the lake. Then the party ascended Red River. The rest of the dramatic story is told in the runic inscription.

Geography would favor such a feat. There is no water shed to cross. The lake region near Kensington, well known to vacationers, is at the end of a natural waterway that leads not to the Gulf of Mexico, as does all the surrounding drainage, but to Hudson Bay.

In his lively new book, *Explorations in America Before Columbus*, which is a recent choice of the History Book Club, Hjalmar R. Holand winds up his case. In particular, he gives much new evidence showing that the Scandinavians, before Columbus, had detailed knowledge of American geography! This, he points out, could not have been invented.

FOR EXAMPLE, Holand recently found in Copenhagen a 14th century map that gives a clear depiction of Long Island, Long Island Sound, Harlem River, Hudson River, Cape Cod, and Greenland. It wasn't until after World War I that the precise location of the original Greenland colonies was established. This map simply could not have been forged.

Holand's new book, impressive in its scholarship, is the ablest statement yet made in favor of the authenticity of the Kensington Stone. Its chief merit consists in relating the Stone to a course of real events that really took place. Many of these events were not known about when the puffing

Olof Ohman removed an aspen stump on his little farm.

One of the chief weaknesses of Holand's argument has been the lack of evidence regarding the Hudson Bay-Lake Winnipeg-Red River trip. Many say that this deficiency damages the affirmative side of the case.

Even Mr. Holand has failed to come up with a precedent.

So, it is news to report here that an almost identical trip has been made, and by a well-known American. This was done by Eric Seva-reid, well-known CBS-TV news commentator, when he was a teenage boy. Eric and another boy were fascinated with the fantastic story of the Kensington Stone. They made a 2,200 mile canoe trip from Minneapolis to York Factory on Hudson Bay. These two boys were the first persons in history to do that—unless the Kensington Stone inscription tells the truth!

Finally, as late as January, 1954, the *Washington Post*, and other papers, carried a story about Olof Ohman that rehashed a lot of old gossip. After all, Ohman is *the* central figure in the whole problem. Why did he live out his life without answering certain devastating charges? The fact is that Ohman *did* reply to the *Minneapolis Journal*. He didn't know how to write, but he got a man to take down the following straightforward words:

"My intention has been not to

take any part in the discussions of the Kensington Stone for the simple reason that I do not understand the far-fetched arguments which the learned offer in regard to the same. But when shamelessness and untruth find their way into the public reports in the newspapers, I must fight for the truth." This story hinted that Ohman and his special friends secretly spent their nights studying runes, and how to make them! This is what Ohman had to say on that: "That is the most barefaced lie that has ever been told and put into print."

ONCE you get into the Kensington Stone controversy, your attention is drawn to that greatest

epoch in history—the discovery and exploration of the New World. You can hardly begin to understand the logic back of the Kensington Stone story without knowing the validated facts of general discovery and exploration.

What can the person interested in history think about the Kensington Stone? I asked Dr. Brøndsted who is director of the Danish National Museum. He suggested: "It will, indeed, be utterly difficult to bring up arguments being able to settle the matter definitely, in a way convincing everybody. You will, I fear, concerning the Kensington Stone, always, whatever happens, find both not-believers—and maybe especially—believers."

Town Talk

In Wilmington, Delaware, a woman paid a \$3 parking ticket at police headquarters, left, returned a few minutes later to remind the police sergeant that he'd forgotten to give her green stamps when she paid her \$3.

In Paw Paw, Michigan, a local optometrist uses his license plate to advertise. His license number: 20-20.

In Los Angeles, a slenderizing salon advertises that "Americans are good losers—except when it comes to reducing."

In Philadelphia, the proprietor of a sea food restaurant always keeps a bandage on one finger. When customers inquire if the hard shell crabs are fresh, he displays the bandage and says, "I was bit an hour ago. Fresh enough?"

—*Tidings*

Representative Walter **Outsmarts the Reds**

by
Richard Sherman



A COMMUNIST offensive on a scale reserved only for the Kremlin's arch-enemies is mounting daily against a trim, soft-spoken Representative from Pennsylvania who has quietly established himself as the man the Reds hate most.

Nearly 200 Communist fronts have been created solely to destroy him and legislation which bears his name. Regularly the Communist press levels pages of abuse against him. From New York to California, Communists and those who do their bidding denounce him from the rally platform.

The target of this activity, Congressman Francis Eugene Walter, has not sought such distinction deliberately; nevertheless, he finds it not unwelcome. It epitomizes a 24-year career in the national legislature and provides a counterpoint to the citations which his accomplishments have won in the United States and from America's allies.

Much of the furore against Walter undoubtedly stems from the prod of continuous frustration: while the Communists have been able to reduce the effectiveness of other adversaries, Walter's influence and prestige prosper, and the laws which he has originated remain a cornerstone of our government. Now one of the ranking members of the House of Representatives, he is generally regarded as the Democrats' most likely choice as Speaker in the event that the redoubtable Sam Rayburn steps aside or is no longer available.

For many public officials, vociferous anti-Communism has been a road to oblivion instead of to eminence. There is reason for this: a position *solely* "anti" is by definition negative; ultimately, it breeds its own negation. Walter, a courtly, slender man with a crest of cloud-white hair, has deftly skirted this hazard. While constructing some

of the nation's best weapons against domestic Communism, he has nevertheless made his anti-Communism—without diluting any of its vigor—part of a program that seeks to enhance the functions of a free society rather than abridge them.

One immediate consequence of this is the high regard of even some of his public adversaries. One magazine which recently subjected Walter to a prickly appraisal paid tribute nonetheless to his "role of responsible conservatism." The *New York Times*, which has battled with him on a wide range of issues, is constrained to describe him as an "extremely capable legislator."

As Chairman of the Committee on Un-American Activities, ranking member of the Judiciary Committee and Chairman of the Subcommittee on Immigration and Nationality, Walter has the opportunity of working great good or harm in ways that profoundly affect all the various phases of American life.

In the consensus of his colleagues and the general public, the balance thus far has been predominantly on the side of good.

Walter surged to Congress in 1933 on the tidal wave of popularity that swept the New Deal into power. The son of one of his hometown's leading obstetricians, Walter once remarked facetiously that "I got the votes of every family with a baby."

WALTER was born in 1894 in Easton, Pennsylvania, a coal and iron town of 35,000 with deep roots in American history. Graduating from George Washington University in Washington, he enlisted in the fledgling Naval Air Force and was sent to England to be trained by the R.A.F. as a convoy pilot. (In World War II, he rejoined the Navy as a lieutenant commander, was assigned as an aviation observer at Norfolk.)

After the war, he received a law degree at Georgetown University in 1919 and began a practice in Easton. In 1928 he was elected delegate to the Democratic National Convention. When he left for Washington as Congressman five years later, Walter responded "yea" to most of the New Deal emergency legislation ostensibly designed to help the U.S. shed its economic paralysis. He cast his vote, too, for social security, for the Wagner Act and for the establishment of minimum wages and maximum hours of work. But the underlying philosophy of the New Deal, particularly its love for centralization, was abhorrent to him.

In 1934 he was named to the Congressional Steering Committee formed at Roosevelt's suggestion to meet regularly with the President to help him coordinate executive and legislative affairs. It did meet regularly, Walter recalls—in the President's upstairs bedroom. Its real purpose, in Walter's view, was

White House control rather than coordination. Walter soon resigned.

His course since then has been a carefully triangulated one of basic allegiance to the Democratic Party policy when he feels that principle demands it.

Walter's absorbing regard for the traditional structure of American government has brought him into vigorous opposition to the ideas of paternalistic statism that emerged from the New Deal. In 1940, with the late Senator Marvel Logan of Kentucky, Walter introduced a plan for controlling the cancerous complex of Federal agencies during the Roosevelt administration.

It was the heyday of government by alphabet which cast a shadow of incipient totalitarian government: a Federal bureau could change the life of any man or woman in the United States and from the orders of the bureau no appeal was possible.

Walter's proposals to "regulate the regulators" provoked the concerted opposition of the bureaucrats. President Roosevelt, heeding their cries of outrage, vetoed it. Re-introduced in 1946, it was enacted as the Administrative Procedures Act.

This "Constitution of the Federal Government" spells out the rules under which Federal agencies operate and sets definite limits to their power. Its overall effect is to impose the law on groups of executive organizations which had

come to regard themselves as beyond the law.

BY ANY measurement, Walter's most significant achievement is the monumental act that codifies our immigration and nationality policies and, for the first time in our history, brings them into uniformity. The product of more than five years of study and hearings, the Immigration and Nationality Act is regarded objectively as one of the best constructed laws on our statute books. It is also, with good reason, a continuous cause of anguish for Communists and their sympathizers.

Often forgotten in the fury of argument is the fact that the law is one of the few pieces of major legislation ever passed over a presidential veto. But while even some of its most vehement critics concede privately that it is a fairly-drawn measure, it remains a target of almost hysterical assault.

The perennial battles over the Walter-McCarran Act in Congress have been among the most spectacular on Capitol Hill. They have also demonstrated the power which Walter has attained through the respect of his colleagues. The most recent fight occurred at the close of the last session of Congress. President Eisenhower personally had requested revision of the Act. In the Senate, Administration lieutenants worked feverishly: Onto a routine bill, sponsored by

Walter, to permit the entry of Basque shepherders and their families and to make several minor adjustments in the immigration law, they tacked a kite's-tail of amendments that would have demolished the National Origins System and others of the main provisions of the law.

Responding to supposed political requirements, leaders of both parties rushed to join them. In a series of lightning maneuvers, the amendments were passed and sent to the House at 5 P.M. on July 27—adjournment day. Under House rules, Walter, who had introduced the original bill, had charge of it on the floor. An aide later described what happened:

"It was one of the most impressive displays of strength I have ever seen. The Majority and Minority Leaders were against him. Delegates from 'nationality-bloc' districts pleaded that the amendments were necessary to save their necks politically. The pressure kept mounting, but Walter stood firm. Under the rules of the House, there is no possibility of a filibuster; they could have just rolled over him if they had wanted to, but nobody even tried."

At 11:56 A.M. the House adjourned—with U.S. immigration policies still intact.

Walter does not exempt the Act from the customary limitations of human imperfection. He finds much of the opposition to it vexa-

tious, however, because he believes that it proceeds from an insincere or at least mistaken preoccupation with minority interests and a willingness to place these above requirements of national well-being. Those who perpetuate minority divisions through selfish and partisan appeals made with one eye on the ballot box, Walter feels are doing a great disservice to the U.S.

There is more than a little validity to Walter's view. Immigration has not been choked off by the Act. It has increased. In 1955, 275,869 immigrants came to the U.S.—a 14 percent increase over 1954. During that year, a total of 666,114 aliens of other categories—students, visitors, businessmen—also entered.

Though the law is charged with being "racist," actually it removes the last racial bars to immigration. Under the Act, immigrants from Asia, for the first time, are admitted on a basis of equality. Although the critics of the Act have charged that it represents an "insult to Asia," the Japanese Government refuted this when it presented a beautifully inscribed silver box to Walter last year for his efforts on various Japanese problems—including immigration.

THE Act does impose a very severe hardship upon one class of persons: those who are in the service of the Kremlin. The Act provides for the exclusion and depor-

tation of alien Communists. Immigration has been one of the main conduits through which the Kremlin has been able to dispatch agents to the U.S. Small wonder that they howl at the closing of this passage.

In its entirety, the Act performs a valuable humanitarian function by continuing the flow of desirable immigrants to the U.S. and, at the same time, in correlating the nation's responsibilities with the nation's welfare. By establishing a policy of selectivity of immigrants, it assures that newcomers will be those able to fit best into our economy and culture.

"At the heart of Walter's attitude," declares Walter Besterman, director of the Immigration Subcommittee, "is his conviction that the opportunity of becoming a citizen is a precious privilege, not an indiscriminate right."

WALTER has labored hard to make the United States a sanctuary for Europe's hordes, ravaged by war and by post-war Communist conquest. He actively promoted legislation to bring refugees and displaced persons to the United States—subject to security provisions that would screen out Communists.

Walter is proudest of having brought about the establishment of the Inter-governmental Committee for European Migration. Established in Brussels in 1951, ICOM has grown to include 27 countries.

Regarded by Walter as the only effective solution to the world's population problems, it is engaged in a constant effort to open up new areas of South America and Central and Southern Africa for the resettlement of migrants. Walter secured an appropriation of \$20 million in the Foreign Aid bill passed by Congress in its last session for a series of ICOM pilot-settlements in South America.

Walter's passionate anti-Communism is no product of latter-day discovery. In the late 30's, when the counterfeit idealism of Communism was fashionable in many high levels of Government, Walter had secured passage of a law forbidding payment of Federal funds to Communists on the payrolls of WPA, CCC and other public-relief agencies. Today, Walter agrees with George Meany, President of the AFL-CIO, that "the conflict between Communism and freedom is the problem of our time. It overshadows all other problems."

Walter looks with perturbation on experiments like last summer's Summit Conference at Geneva—not because he resists efforts to find a peaceful solution to world tensions but because of the self-delusion that such ventures generate. "We are fast losing sight of the menace that Communism embodies and must embody by its very nature as long as it exists," he recently told a convention of World War II veterans in Philadelphia.

"The long chronicle of Communist subversion and deceit is being blurred until it is almost unrecognizable. What was once recognized as the 'clear and present danger of Communism' is now being regarded as a danger remote and indistinct."

As Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, Walter directs one of the nation's most effective agencies dealing with the problem of Communism. The FBI is restricted to investigating actual crimes committed by Communists. Most of its information must be kept secret. Only through the Committee can the people of the U.S. obtain a steady flow of knowledge about the direction and extent of Communist moves and the personnel involved in them.

During various periods of its development, the Committee—even to its friends—seemed outside the boundaries that had been originally set for it. Walter had misgivings when he joined the Committee in 1949, and agreed to do so only at the prompting of the Democratic leadership of the House. During his first years with the Committee, Walter several times found himself in opposing to proposals of Chairmen John S. Wood of Georgia, and Harold Velde of Illinois.

Walter sank a Wood project to investigate school books throughout the country. When Velde—

without consulting the Committee—issued a subpoena for the appearance of President Truman during an investigation of Communist infiltration of Government, Walter publicly expressed his disapproval.

As senior Democratic member of the Committee, Walter was in charge of the investigation of Communism in Hawaii in 1950, and the following year presided over the inquiry into Communist penetration in Hollywood. As Chairman, Walter has directed the unearthing of important new evidence of Communist activities in several vital areas of American life.

Walter's conduct of hearings has earned him praise from a number of previously hostile sources. In more than one city where the Committee has held hearings, unfavorable advance publicity has given way to commendation by the time the Committee departed. Walter is careful to ensure that no adverse inference is drawn from the fact that a person has been called to testify. As a result, appearance before the Committee no longer bears an automatic stigma.

When the Committee prepared a symposium interpreting the new anti-Stalinism line initiated by Khrushchev, some of the country's most distinguished professors and writers participated eagerly.

An accurate index to the stature of any Capital Hill figure is the attitude of his staff. Walter commands a fierce loyalty even among

those whom he has not appointed. Staffers who have functioned under successive chairmen have a genuine respect for his ability and, in an area where the smile-and-stab technique has flowered, for his fairness. One holdover from a previous Administration remarked: "Walter is one of the very few men I could go to with a personal problem and be certain that he would consider it without reference to party or personalities."

Walter knows no limits to his efforts in behalf of a person he considers wronged. When Professor Herbert Fuchs deliberated whether or not to testify before the Committee on Un-American Activities in 1955, he was finally decided by the promise of American University that he would not be penalized for his previous Communist Party membership. After his testimony, in which he identified 38 Party members he had known in the Government, American University dismissed him.

Walter upbraided university officials for their faithlessness, then on his own initiative cast about for a new position for Professor Fuchs, who was finding it difficult to obtain employment. This winter, as a result of Walter's efforts, Fuchs will join the faculty of a well-known Eastern university.

Despite his occupation with affairs of national and international moment, Walter has never subordinated the interest of those whom

he has been sent to Congress to represent. Next year, work will begin on a multimillion-dollar flood-control, water-conservation and hydroelectric power program in the Lehigh Valley, for which Walter has battled for over a decade, as a barrier to floods from the confluence of the Delaware and Lehigh Rivers at Easton.

Walter has withstood twelve elections, only one of which was close. In 1938, a series of exposures of corruption in the State Government resulted in a Republican landslide that deposed the State Democratic administration and 14 Democratic Congressmen with it. Walter's usually large margin was narrowed to about a thousand.

A CONGRESSMAN who has known Walter throughout most of his career and has opposed him at various times because of political exigency, describes him thus: "Walter is animated by a belief in the American system of government.

He is endlessly fascinated by its structure. He looks upon it as an inspired design which, while not perfect, nevertheless affords free men the best way known of coordinating their individual desires and obligations.

Walter has devoted himself to nourishing those traditions and making them more resistant to blighting grafts. The frenzy of the nation's enemies reliably measures his success.

Salute to Bossy

By Elsie McCormick

✓

IN FRANCE, not long ago, President Rene Coty publicly honored a cow with a high milk-producing record by kissing her on both jowls. In the United States there are cows with more medals than many of our generals. Such recognition is not amiss: of all the animals on earth, none does more for us than the milk cow.

A dairy statistician has estimated that if all the milk produced last year were put in standard square quart bottles side by side, the line-up would extend around the globe more than 400 times. Less than half this vast amount was used for cooking and drinking. Part of it went into making a mountainous ten billion pounds of butter. The 24 highest milk-producing countries manufactured some 5,400,000,000 pounds of cheese. And the United States alone made an alp of ice cream amounting to about 600 million gallons. "Of all foods," says the

U.S. Public Health Service, "none is more important or better balanced than milk."

Especially important economically is the fact that the cow does not compete with human beings for sustenance; she produces her milk largely by eating tough grasses which man cannot digest. In addition, the 15 tons of fertilizer which each cow supplies in a year not only help grow her own forage; they are responsible for an inestimable amount of high-grade vegetables, cereals, fruits and flowers.

Today's high-producing cow is really a man-made milk machine. Nature meant Bossy to produce one calf per year, and about 175 quarts of milk to nourish it. Cows still average one calf annually but, owing to man's intervention with better food, good care and selective breeding, they make enough milk to support 20 or 30 calves. And

instead of producing milk for only a few weeks each year, they give for a full ten months.

The average American cow's output is now 2705 quarts per year, nearly twice as much as it was in 1910. In California, our leading state in production per cow, the sun-kissed bovines offer an annual average of 3977 quarts. The Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland lead the world, however, in milk output per cow. And a great Holstein, Green Meadow Lily Pabst, a Michigan cow, has shown what can be accomplished by giving, in one year, the staggering total of 19,909 quarts!

Actually, the limit of productivity isn't even in sight. "If all dairy farmers would take advantage of knowledge now available," says Dr. William E. Petersen, professor of dairy husbandry at the University of Minnesota's Institute of Agriculture, "they could get the same quantity of milk from only half as many cows."

BOSSY is a laboratory equipped for miracles. The first and largest of her stomach's four compartments, the rumen, goes far beyond the human stomach in its accomplishments. Here 50 or 60 different kinds of bacteria make protein out of simple nitrogen compounds which come from the grass she eats; they concoct for the cow the Vitamin B which we and most animals have to get from outside

sources; they turn corn husks and other unlikely fodder into first-class energy foods; and they ferment tough cellulose so that she can digest it as easily as we digest a bowl of cereal.

After Bossy's rougher food has been in her internal laboratory for about 12 hours, it is returned in small quantities to her mouth, there to be mixed with saliva, ground into tiny pieces and swallowed again. This cud-chewing takes some eight hours a day of a cow's time. To aid digestion, she manufactures, along with about 12 gallons of saliva per day, a convenient pound of sodium bicarbonate.

The second compartment of a cow's stomach is the reticulum, a bag with the honeycomb lining which we know as tripe. Its job is to continue some of the digestive processes which go on in the rumen. Dairy farmers generally call it "the hardware bucket," for here are retained the nails, bolts, bits of wire and even pieces of old inner tubes a cow may swallow in pasture. In many cases a cow goes through life undisturbed by her hardware collection; sometimes, however, surgery is necessary. (Recently an American inventor patented a magnetized nose ring which picks up iron objects ahead of Bossy.)

The third compartment is the omasum, a muscular section which wrings out excess water. The

fourth, the abomasum, functions much like the human stomach. Here the cow digests the billions of busy bacteria which made protein in the rumen for their own bodies and incidentally for her. For a mouthful of grass to go through a cow's maze-like alimentary tract and into her bloodstream requires about 72 hours.

Perhaps the most wonderful part of Bossy's physique is her milk-producing system. If she's efficient, she produces a pound of milk for each two and a half pounds of forage she eats. The milk making chemicals are carried to the cow's udder by her blood. Here they are fashioned into milk by tiny factories known as alveoli—compartments so small that there are more than a million of them in a cubic inch of udder tissue. Yet each alveolus has its own blood vessel, storage space for the milk it makes and a bit of muscular tissue to squeeze out the fluid. When a cow flashes her signal to release the milk, billions of alveoli are squeezed at once, and the stored liquid flows toward a reservoir above the teats.

IN THE matter of letting down her milk, the cow has always been the boss. She can withhold part or even all of the output if she is worried, displeased with her quarters or just doesn't happen to like the person who is milking her. If this continues, the ingredients of the undelivered milk are

reabsorbed into her blood, and the cow begins to go dry.

What actually triggers the letting-down of milk has only recently been discovered. It is oxytocin, a pituitary hormone which is released into the bloodstream. At a University of Minnesota dairy barn was a cow with the lowest milk production on official record: a meager 91½ quarts in a milking period which lasted only 58 days. When, during her next milking period, the cow was injected with oxytocin, she remained productive for 252 days and gave 3715 quarts! Other experiments with oxytocin have shown equally good results.

But useful as these injections can be when a cow does not secrete enough oxytocin naturally, they cannot do a complete job if Bossy doesn't like her handler. The release of natural oxytocin is still conditioned by her will.

"No animal craves the friendship of man more than the cow," says Dr. Petersen. "If she is called by name, spoken to affectionately and handled with gentleness and patience, her milk production will increase surprisingly. This applies even when the actual milking is done by machine. One Jersey I know gave 61 percent more milk when a man she liked began to take care of her. In another case a worker badly adjusted to his job was discharged from a dairy farm, and a calm, good-natured person hired. Within a week every cow

in the herd was producing an average of five more quarts per day."

According to observations of animal behavior which were made at Cornell University, the pig is the most intelligent of hooved domestic animals, with the cow in fourth position, after the mule and the horse. Cows, however, are by no means stupid. They can learn to unlock feed-boxes by pressing a certain panel with their heads, and to unlatch doors or work locks loose with their horns. There have been instances of cows finding their way back to their barns after being sold to a farm a dozen or so miles away. At large dairies where cows go to a separate barn for milking, they have learned to stop and go, according to the position of semaphore traffic signals. In Versailles, Ohio, there is a plaque in memory of a cow who 60 years ago used to operate the town pump when thirsty. She'd hook the handle between her horns and pump her head up and down until the stone trough was filled with water.

A cow's memory, dairy authorities say, is as good as an elephant's. If 100 cows return from pasture to a barn, every one will find her proper stall in a matter of seconds, even if the stalls are identical in size and equipment. If a cow is moved to another barn and then returned to her original barn a year later, she'll walk at once to the stall she formerly occupied.

A cow, as a rule, dislikes change, and her favorite way of registering disapproval is to withhold her milk. If she is given a new stall, even an identical one in the same barn, a month may pass before her milk output comes back to normal. Her production may drop if she even sees a strange dog or cat around the barn at milking time. Yet, oddly enough, she is quite a good traveler. Elsie, the Borden cow, covers in her trailer about 12,000 miles a year. And I have discovered no record of a cow getting seasick.

Among the cow's odd traits is her intense consciousness of social position. Practically every herd has its queen—a cow who always goes first into barn and pasture, and who has an unresented right to push aside any other cow at a feed bunk. Behind her, other cows of good social standing walk in unvarying order. At a Cornell University dairy barn I visited, 12 of the 100 cows "belonged"; the others stood respectfully aside as the privileged few entered the building. To change the marching order would be as unthinkable as it would be for an instructor to forge ahead of a dean in an academic procession. Dairy farmers who want to save their herds from being confused and unhappy do not interfere with these social distinctions.

A cow usually becomes queen because no rival is able to push her

aside. The position, once gained, is likely to be hers for life. Only a cow transferred from another herd would dare to challenge a queen.

Dr. Petersen says that his most unforgettable bovine character was a little Jersey with social ambitions by the name of Lad's Goldy Y. Joining the herd at the age of four, she challenged every cow, lost both horns in battle and ended by becoming queen. She always entered the barn first, then helped herself to a mouthful of fodder from each cow's stall on the way to her own. Although for her last two years she was crippled with arthritis and unable to defend herself, the other cows treated her with profound respect until her death at 16.

Bossy has other oddities. Though she enjoys lying down during the day, she often sleeps standing up with her eyes open. The fine marks on her nose are as individual and as useful identification as fingerprints among human beings.

TWENTY YEARS AGO most American cows were bred to nondescript bulls owned by individual farmers. Today, thanks to artificial insemination, one first-class bull can be bred to at least 15,000 females. Already about one fifth of the nation's cows are the daughters of these aristocratic sires. The farmer, who pays a service charge of around six dollars, is usually under far less expense than he

would be if he had to keep even the scrubbiest of bulls on his property.

Recently, with the introduction of frozen semen diluted by glycerine, the number of cows which a first-class bull can serve has reached a fantastic 100,000. Since frozen semen will keep indefinitely, cows can be bred to bulls from the remotest corners of the world. This means that the good qualities of animals on every continent can be combined to build super-cattle hitherto undreamed of. Dr. John W. Bartlett, chairman of the Department of Dairy Industry at Rutgers University, says that, as inheritance improves, the annual average milk output per cow can rise to 5000 quarts. A number of dairy herds in the United States have already reached this high average.

According to the latest figures, Ireland leads the world in per-capita use of milk and its products, with New Zealand, Sweden, Australia and Canada next in line. The United States, surprisingly, is in 13th place. While Americans' consumption of fluid milk has gone up by about 18 quarts per person since 1939, our use of butter has fallen drastically. This decrease is due to the rising use of margarine, the general desire for a slim figure and, more recently, the fear of a possible relationship between fat and atherosclerosis.

There are vast populations scarcely acquainted with milk at

all. In Korea, for instance, the average person uses less than a pint a year. Said Dr. Jacques M. May, member of the First World Congress for Milk Utilization, "if the nearly two billion starving peoples could be made to drink a quart of milk each day, all the starvation areas would disappear."

But the cow gives us more than just food. From casein, the curd formed when milk sours, we get the makings of countless useful articles: paint, coating for paper, waterproof glue, buttons, cigarette cases, umbrella handles and even a wool-like fabric. Bossy's hide can

provide us with shoes, gloves and belts. Silky hairs inside her ear supply artists with delicate brushes.

AND LAST November the world learned that Bossy may be on the way to presenting us with a new and truly staggering gift. At the University of Minnesota, Dr. Petersen and Dr. Berry Campbell, associate professor at the University's College of Medicine, announced the hope, backed by ten years of study and experiment, that the cow may, in the future, be able to protect human beings from diseases due to almost any form of

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bacteria, virus, pollen or mold. Dr. Petersen and his co-workers found that if killed disease-germs are injected in a cow's udder, she develops large quantities of appropriate antibodies in her milk. So far, the researchers have injected some 50 different kinds of bacteria, including the producers of pneumonia, typhoid, tuberculosis, diphtheria and a long list of streptococcic and staphylococcic infections. In no case has the obliging cow failed to make suitable antibodies.

Once injected, the cow, who is not made ill by the process, can go on producing these tiny defenders, sometimes for nearly a year. She can make them against 11 different diseases at once, without confusing the effects. The milk is not harmed or changed in any way, and it can be pasteurized without killing the antibodies.

Experiments with 11 different types of animals have shown—with

one exception, the mouth—that, by taking in antibodies through their digestive systems, they can gain protection from the disease-agents concerned. Dr. Petersen, Dr. Campbell and some volunteer graduate students have experimented on themselves. After drinking milk from a cow which had been injected with the dead germs of a chicken disease, salmonella pullorum, they found that their blood had antibodies enough to destroy the bacteria.

THIS convenient form of disease-prevention is not just around the corner. Dr. Petersen emphasizes that much research and experimentation lie ahead before the full value of the antibody-carrying milk can be established. But if the outcome is as promising as present studies indicate, whole populations may eventually be protected against an almost unlimited number of diseases—by the cow.

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ROBOTS

... At Your Service

by Andrew Hecht

ONCE the happy hunting ground of racketeers, America's fastest-growing business, automatic selling through vending machines, has passed into the hands of legitimate operators where it is performing fabulous feats. Its three million robot salesmen are on duty 24 hours a day, dispensing a fantastic variety of items ranging literally from soup to nuts.

In 1954, in 22 billion individual transactions totaling \$1.75 billion, machines sold goods and services from penny candy to \$50,000 life insurance policies, from measured squirts of cologne to 50-pound blocks of ice, from fresh apples to shoe shines, and to the use of coin-operated washing machines and typewriters. Not bad for "passive" salesmen. But the latest machines now are "active"—a built-in voice tape thanks you for your purchase of cigarettes, then reminds you: "Don't run short. Get another pack now!"

In a country the size of the United States, few manufacturers can give their products immediate

national distribution. That is why you may not have seen some of the newer vending machines. But there are machines selling balloons, bobby pins, books, canned soft drinks, cigars, combs, coal, canned fuel oil, greeting cards, hair oil, handkerchiefs, hand lotion, hot nuts, lighter fluid, lipstick, newspapers, pens and pencils, post cards, potato chips, shaving accessories and facial tissue.

Other machines sell services. They rent you an alarm clock or an electric razor in a motel, massage you, stamp out an identification disk for you, photograph you, record your voice, or rent you a clothes dryer or a telescope.

Yet all this is a mere beginning, the experts say. If you live in New York or Chicago, you may already have in your apartment house lobby a refrigerated machine selling quarts of milk and packaged ice cream. Someday soon, other units will be added to these machines, selling bread, frozen or canned meats and vegetables, perhaps even fresh produce.

For the benefit of the forgetful housewife, or the woman who holds down a job during the day, units of this kind are about to be installed in the parking lots or incorporated into the store fronts of grocery stores, offering service after hours. An imaginative promotion man dubbed them "outer space" vending machines.

LAST summer the Independent Grocers Association with a membership of some 10,000 stores went all out in recommending such installations.

These "automatic groceries" will also make their appearances in outdoor locations in the suburbs, functioning as independent miniature stores. The pattern has already been established by some 16,000 outdoor milk vending machines which are tremendously successful. Bread vendors, similar in shape and construction to the milk vendors, have put in their appearances in Oregon, Illinois and Texas.

Manufacturers are also working on egg vending machines which will soon dot the countryside from coast to coast. Farmer Carl Svenson of Wappinger Falls, N. Y., used to get 10 cents a quart for his milk until he set up three milk machines in nearby locations where he now sells more than 300 quarts a day at 22 cents a quart.

Push-button drugstores are in the discussion stage, and even hardware stores are considering going

into automatic vending on such items as fuses, nails, nuts, and bolts. But the one new development on which all manufacturers of vending machines are working at a feverish pace is a unit that will take a frozen "blue plate dinner" from a storage compartment and deliver it piping hot to the customer in a matter of just a few seconds.

The automatic vending machine has come a long way since the days of Hero of Alexandria, who in 219 B.C. invented the first known automaton. It was a gadget that dispensed a few drops of holy water, working on much the same principle as many of today's machines. None of the customers would have dared to use slugs or to rob the machine, for fear of the gods. In later years, the widespread use of slugs almost killed the vending machine business.

In addition to slugs, the machine had to weather such major crises as invasion by racketeers and "promoters," discriminatory taxation, theft, vandalism, and general distrust. Combined with mechanical troubles such as "jackpotting"—disgorging their merchandise, their cash, or both—these handicaps were enough to prevent any substantial development of the vending machine for the first 2,000 years after Hero. There were only penny scales, peanut, gum, candy and postage stamp machines around until the late 1920's, when

the two originators of modern automatic vending quite accidentally—and independently of each other—stumbled into what was to become a new, major field of distribution.

ROBERT Z. GREENE was the first of these two men to start the vending machine on its spectacular career, followed a year later by Nathaniel Leverone.

Greene was originally not an inventor but a super-salesman—at the age of 16 he earned \$15,000 a year selling time clocks for International Business Machines. On a trip to Los Angeles in 1927, he happened to notice a cigarette vending machine and promptly looked up the inventor, William H. Rowe, who turned out to be a police court bailiff.

The cigarette machine owed its birth to a peculiar incident. Rowe was escorting a prisoner one day, and while he bought a pack of cigarettes in a crowded store, the criminal escaped. This mishap, which nearly cost him his job, gave him the idea of designing an automatic cigarette vendor which would give quick service. He built his first machine from an empty whisky barrel and some odd pieces of metal; and when Greene called on him he had 150 hand-made units in Los Angeles locations.

Greene wangled a contract from Rowe for the national sales rights of the machine, took along a sam-

ple and, driving from Los Angeles to New York, sold 2,500 machines for \$187,500. Then he persuaded Rowe to form with him an operating company, the Rowe Corporation, which would set up 500 machines in New York City.

By the end of 1954, there were 506,700 cigarette vending machines "on location," accounting for 16 percent of all cigarette sales in the U. S.—2,819,278,800 packs valued at \$690,000,000. Rowe Corporation operates only a fraction of these machines but its subsidiary, Rowe Manufacturing Company, built the majority. Rowe, the inventor, retired to a Nevada ranch early in the game, and died in 1945, leaving an estate of more than \$1,000,000.

It wasn't long before the New York racketeers became aware of the cigarette machines in the Times Square area.

One day a tough-looking character walked into Bob Greene's office, plumped himself down in a chair, put his feet on Greene's desk and announced that he was there to stay.

"I am Joe Adonis," he introduced himself. "I figure there's three ways to get in a business: You can buy in, start your own, or muscle in. I'm muscling in!"

When Greene refused to play ball, the racketeers threatened to force his car off a cliff. Adonis' goons wrecked his cigarette machines, beat up his drivers, terrorized storekeepers into cancelling

contracts for locations. Finally Greene mustered the courage to buck the mob and enlist the aid of racket-busting young District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey. Policemen were put on every Rowe truck, and slowly the terror subsided.

"Looking back on it now, however, I don't think that it was Dewey who did the trick for us," says Greene. "The racketeers set up machines of their own and simply found out that this was a difficult, slow business with a profit margin in fractions of pennies. So most of them quit."

"When I first got into the vending machine business, some of my friends refused to believe it, and others stopped talking to me," relates Nathaniel Leverone, the second of the "grand old men" of modern automatic vending. Leverone, who is chairman of the board of Automatic Canteen Company of America, was at the time director of the Chicago Crime Commission, in addition to being president or a board member of some 70 civic and religious organizations. In spite of his high standing in the community, however, people thought he had sold out to the racketeers when he got involved with what they figured were "slot machines."

One day back in 1928, in Chicago, Leverone's car broke down and he decided to ride the Elevated. To kill time while waiting

for a train, he got himself a handful of pennies and made the rounds of the vending machines on the platform. One of the scales gave his weight as 210 pounds, another weighed him in at 120, whereas his actual weight was—and, at the age of 71, still is—160. From a peanut machine he drew six mouldy, inedible peanuts; a chocolate vendor disgorged a grey, unappetizing, undersized bar; and a gum machine failed to give out anything in return for his money.

"I got really mad," recalls Leverone. "Then I got to thinking that here was a great, new method of selling merchandise to the masses. If someone would set up a string of reliable, well-serviced vending machines and would see to it that the gum, candy and nuts they offered for sale were always fresh, he could make a fortune."

LEVERONE set out to do just that. With a couple of friends he put up enough money to order 60,000 vending machines at one clip—and promptly ran into unexpected snags. First, he had a tough time finding a vending machine manufacturer who was not tied up with the gangs. Then he discovered that the leading candy and gum manufacturers refused to sell their products for distribution through "slot machines." It took a lot of persuasion to break down this barrier. Even sympathetic manufacturers darkly prophesied failure.

TODAY, Automatic Canteen is the country's largest retailer of "bar goods." In 1954 it sold 476 million nickel and dime candy bars, more than 350 million sticks of gum, and 2.5 million pounds of nuts divided into 175 million individual servings. It owns 275,000 vending machines which it leases to 50 subsidiaries and 100 franchise operators in 42 states.

Automatic Canteen is unique not only because of its size but also because of Leverone's idea to concentrate entirely on placing machines in factories and offices, whose employees would be "captive" customers. At first, management abhorred the idea, but this attitude changed completely during World War II. With millions working overtime there was a recognized need for little concessions that acted as morale builders.

The biggest change in automatic vending came about when manufacturers succeeded in building heating and refrigerating units into their machines. Early sandwich and milk machines without refrigeration were quickly prohibited by health departments. They also cracked down on the first soft drink machines which left it up to the customer to rinse a drinking glass in a tank of water before serving himself. The drinking glass problem was solved by the introduction of the paper cup, and today's milk, sandwich, soup and coffee machines with their stain-

less steel tanks and sealed containers are easily as sanitary as the average home.

The most complicated of all modern vending machines is the carbonated beverage dispenser. In addition to an expensive refrigerating unit, it is loaded with a maze of pumps, tanks, valves and electrical relays. There are anywhere from four to eight tanks containing different syrups. Offering the greatest possible choice is the keynote of the newest machines.

There is a coin counter and changer which must be satisfied before it sets the machine in motion. And then there is the "slug rejector" which tests your money before it is allowed to reach the coin counter.

Without the slug rejector the entire vending machine business would have gone broke a long time ago. Congress also stepped into the picture in 1942, when, prodded by the vending machine industry, it finally prohibited the manufacture and sale of metal disks simulating the size, weight and composition of legal coins. Prior to that time, millions of slugs were made and brazenly advertised for sale.

But finally the vending business took care of itself by developing almost foolproof, inexpensive slug rejectors. But nothing mechanical is 100 per cent perfect, and operators still find an occasional cleverly-made slug in their coin boxes.

THEFT is an acute problem. A modern vending machine can contain \$150 worth of cigarettes, a beverage machine at the end of the day may have \$75 cash in the till. That is why some operators like their machines to be as sturdy as strong boxes. Others—although they don't advertise the fact—are more philosophical about it and would rather lose \$150 to a robber than have a \$1,500 machine smashed beyond repair.

Vandalism in general is quite a problem. Instead of asking for their money back, disgruntled customers often take it out on the machine.

Building vending machines is a fiercely competitive business. Major manufacturers surround their experimental departments with semi-military secrecy, justified by the fact that it costs about a quarter of a million dollars to develop a new type of machine.

Every one of the past few years has brought important, new developments in vending machines. 1953 was the year of the milk vendor. It was widely acclaimed as the means for eliminating our milk surplus—and wildly attacked by retail grocers and the Milk Drivers and Dairy Employees' Union, AFL, as cutting into their livelihood. They sabotaged the milk machines by any and all means, from pouring molasses down the mechanism to having prohibitive local ordinances passed against them. Yet the

16,000 machines on location sold milk last year worth \$22.5 million.

1954 was the year of the hot coffee machine. Manufacturer Bert Mills of St. Charles, Illinois, spent years of his life and almost his last penny developing this machine, then hit the jackpot—his brand-new factory already needs doubling in size. Starting with next to nothing in 1951, machine-made coffee sales climbed to 1,215,131,200 cups by the end of 1954.

The big surprise of 1955 to vending machine operators was the sudden popularity of hot chocolate. Demand is so great that manufacturers are rushing conversion units which will allow the same machine to make both coffee and chocolate. Hot soup, too, is gaining, but at a slower rate.

Small operators, more than 4,500 of them, control better than 90 per cent of the vending machine business. Almost one third of the operators run one-man businesses, servicing 50 to 100 machines, and in the entire field there are less than 25 firms operating 1,500 machines or more. Since Automatic Canteen Company and Rowe Corporation merged in September 1955, to become the giant of automatic selling, there is only one other large outfit in the business, the ABC Vending Company. Operating mostly in theater lobbies and stadia, it grossed \$47 million in 1954.

The margin of profit varies

greatly, depending on the merchandise, and the cost of the machines. The gross profit on hot coffee can be as high as 70 per cent; it can be almost 90 per cent on a cheap plastic comb; and one manufacturer promises a 5,000 percent profit. This outfit makes a perfume vendor and claims that \$10 worth of name-brand colognes can be sold for \$500 through its machine.

BECAUSE vending machines look tempting to a lot of people who would like to go into business for themselves, racketeers and confidence men invaded the field on a grand scale. For years, the Better Business Bureau has warned against them, but to no avail. They move from town to town, operating out of hotel rooms and using the classified columns of newspapers for a come-on. Displaying, without authorization, machines with such trade names on them as Gillette, Kleenex or Hershey, they will award supposedly exclusive territories to gullible investors who are willing to buy on the spot a couple of hundred units, cash on the table. Usually they sell the shoddiest machines, worth perhaps \$10, at prices ranging from \$30 to \$40. And once they have pocketed a couple of thousand dollars, they vanish.

When Arnold M. Johnson, vice-chairman of Automatic Canteen, gave a party in Chicago's exclusive Saddle and Cycle Club, the Scotch

and soda machine he set up was just a gag—a Coke machine converted to deliver Scotch in place of the syrup. But the inventors of a Manhattan and Martini automat are quite serious about their machine which allows you to mix your drink according to your own recipe. So is the operator in Missouri whose anti-hangover machine sells whiffs of oxygen for 25 cents.

Probably the ultimate in automats is the German "love machine." With separate columns for men and women of various age groups, it delivers for 2 Deutschmarks (47 cents) the photograph and description of a prospective companion, thus taking over the function of a "lonely hearts" club.

Automatic vending is far more advanced in Europe than in the U. S. Many stores in the Scandinavian countries, Germany and Holland have vending machine fronts, for they are obliged by law to close at 6 p.m. and keep closed on Sundays—and they use machines to recoup some of the lost business.

What is the future of automatic selling? Bob Greene, one of the men best acquainted with the field, has the following prediction to make on the subject:

"It would be insane to assume that we will ever live in a world of robots in which vending machines have replaced human salesmen. But they will take over when manpower is either not available or cannot be employed economically."

This Is What They Said

"I believe that banking institutions are more dangerous than standing armies."
—THOMAS JEFFERSON

"When it is dark enough, men see the stars."
—EMERSON

"The masses of people in these United States mean well, and I firmly believe they will always act well, whenever they can obtain a right understanding of matters."
—GEORGE WASHINGTON

"The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion."
—EDMUND BURKE

"Plato is dear to me, but dearer still is truth."
—ARISTOTLE

"Ancient feuds and class-conscious hatreds of Europe failed to take roots in the soil of America—until recently when they were planted and nourished by conspirators within who peddled alien philosophies."
—DAN SMOOT

"Whoever controls the volume of money in any country is absolute master of all industry and commerce."
—JAMES A. GARFIELD

"The people's safety is the law of God."—JAMES OTIS (*American patriot*)

"When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property."
—THOMAS JEFFERSON

"The inescapable price of liberty is an ability to preserve it from destruction."
—GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

"Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong."
—EMERSON

"As a man thinketh, so is he."
—SOLOMON

"John Foster Dulles is the greatest unguided missile of history."
—FRANK CLEMENT, *Governor of Tennessee*



The WAR

Against Our National Guard

by
Karl Hess

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if a President someday got the idea that he was tired of putting up with interference from the 48 sovereign states? What would happen if he suddenly decided to impose some Federal tyranny upon the people of one or more of those states?

Because Presidents have no built-in guarantee against abusing the spirit of the Constitution, the answer to the question has to be based upon something with the palpable force of a bayonet and the spiritual force of this Republic's concept of sovereign peoples.

As it happens, there are 52 good reasons why a Federal abuse could be stopped dead in its tracks. They are the 52 National Guards of the States, Territories and the District of Columbia. Although each of the Guard units has a Federal role and although each is liable to Federal control, each one has the practical effect of being the Army of a Sovereign State.

In the realm of political hypothesizing, the National Guard units are the shields of individual sovereignty. With them, no matter how farfetched it may sound, every state has the potential power to resist, with force, an unbearable incursion of the Federal Government. Without them, the sovereignty of the states would be, quite literally, worth only the paper the words are written on.

Unfortunately, most Americans either belittle or never think of that fact. If they did think, they might be concerned about some things that have been happening to the Guard and which, without vigilance, will continue to happen. As it is, there is some awareness of continual discussions of changing the Guard, but there is little apprehension of the full ramifications of those changes. The changes often seem mere technicalities. Potentially, they are far from it. They are deadly!

The most dangerous misappre-

hension is in an oversimplification of the most frequently debated National Guard issue: should there even *be* a Guard or should all soldiery in the nation be part of the Federal force, and the Federal force be the *only* one?

THERE ARE conscientious and scrupulously honest officers in the regular military services who are dead set against spreading our resources between the regular military and 52 Guard forces. They want all their eggs in their own basket at all times, to scramble as and when needed. If, as a matter of fact, they were the only ones to worry about, there probably wouldn't be much cause for alarm about attempts to change the Guard.

But those officers, the professional military men, are *not* the rulers of our military life. Paradoxically, it is the very system that gives ultimate control of the military into the hands of civilians that also makes the military a prime target and, indeed, an essential target for anyone whose mission it is to subvert this nation. Through the military, of course, physical control can be exercised over a citizenry that is always being subjected to pressures to disarm itself. But, more subtly, the military can be one of the greatest of all factories for indoctrination of citizens, particularly young ones, into special ways of thought and outlook.

Now the picture takes on new

shadings. It is not simply a struggle for military purposes that represents the full implications of efforts to change the Guard. There can be political and ideological collaborations.

First of all, the National Guard represents traditions in the best sense of American history. Although the units vary in background and current activities, they are, by and large, reservoirs of pride and patriotism at a grass-roots level. They are substantial buffers against efforts to replace traditional ways with "progressive" ways in which there is no place for pride of land and reverence of the past.

Franklin Roosevelt was one President who, apparently, decided to do something about this. Under him, and with the Second World War as a logical excuse, the Guard was tossed helter-skelter into a vast effort to replace America's old and storied military traditions with "progressive" notions of what was, in effect, a "people's army." Unit names were subordinated to mechanical-sounding numerical listings. Guard units that proudly had worn some flourish on their uniform for decades were stripped of distinction and drably made to conform to the mass ideal. Guard units that proudly carried history on their banners were broken up and scattered as widely as possible.

There was a military reason, of course, in that the Guard's trained

people were needed to help train others. But there also was another reason which many Guard officers thought they could detect behind the high sounding directives and orders. In order to pave the way for a future in which military tradition would be weakened—as *is precisely the case today*—the prides and hometown patriotisms of the Guard had to be assaulted.

WHEN the Korean War came along, the precedents of World War II made it easy to handle the Guard in a way that made Guardsmen groan. Instead of being used as units, some Guard outfits were repeatedly raided for personnel, without being moved in entirety. Such a unit as the 28th Division in Pennsylvania was reported to have been tapped six times for cadre personnel—each tapping draining off 10 percent of its troops.

Maj. Gen. Ellard A. Walsh, the able soldier who has been president of the National Guard Association through many of its toughest years, has summed up the practice of dissecting Guard units this way: “It is submitted that nobody can build up by tearing down, and certain it is there is something inherently defective in a military system which during two World Wars could now devise no better method for the organization of the Army of the United States, and now the U.S. Air Force, than deliberately to

break up historic military organizations while at the same time comparable organizations were being brought into being completely lacking any service traditions and with no hint of maturity.”

One of the fondest arguments used to justify efforts to disperse Guard personnel is that to fail to do so would mean cruel concentrations of casualties from single towns or states. And, admittedly, that could happen with, say, a hometown rifle company almost completely wiped out in a single assault.

But, again, there are other reasons which may have occurred to other minds in no way worried about family sorrow. Pride in a particular Guard unit is the sort of thing that leads to distinctly “unprogressive” resistance to efforts to internationalize a man’s outlook. It is, in short, anti-social in the Progressive’s lexicon.

From World War II onward, and with particular emphasis right now, there have been continuing attempts to “civilianize” or “demilitarize” the *armed* forces. These efforts, although somewhat successful where civilian Secretaries can exercise control, are made very difficult when faced with 52 separate armed forces. They may work in one state and fail in the next one, depending upon the actual personnel of the unit. In the regular armed forces today, there is a stultifying pre-occupation with busi-

ness administration and cost accounting as well as with what "Mom" will think about training methods unless they are made "democratic" and comfortable. In the National Guard, by and large, there is more of a pre-occupation with training and with distinctly un-democratic efforts to instill discipline that comes from respect of and obedience to authority.

It is the "un-democratic" nature of the Guard, as a matter of fact, that also helps raise the hackles of those who stay up nights dreaming of tomorrow's egalitarian Utopias. Guard units tend to separate peoples into classes, in defiance of the classless society.

Unlike the Federal forces, which went through a demoralizing period in the early 50's in which officers were urged to "pal" with their men, there always has existed in most Guard units a rigid, old-fashioned "snobbishness" about rank—men seek it and work for it. It doesn't pay off in progressivism, but it does pay off in battle.

Even in a detail like getting into uniform for drill nights, the Guard creates a class apart—of men especially dedicated to their country. Contrariwise, the present Secretary of Defense, Charles Wilson of General Motors, recently asked that officers in the regular forces *not* wear uniforms on duty in Washington, so as to not appear a military class. Wilson would find such an order

about as easy to get across to the Guard as he would making all its members drive GM cars.

There are other features of the Guard that similarly distract those who want to strip America of all military tradition and make military service a bad word, to be lumped along with prison, regimentation and other words which ignore the dedication of service to one's country.

Even in the palmiest days of peace, for instance, the Guard is a reminder that free men sometimes have to fight to keep that freedom and that, ultimately, a man with a rifle may be a more effective guarantor of freedom than an entire academy full of thinkers and wishers. Also, every day, the Guard armory in any given city, with its cannon on the lawn and its trucks in the drive, has just the opposite effect on "impressionable youth" from that desired by the sociologists who don't want even toy soldiers sold. Young men in the neighborhood who are being told how to march and obey orders are also not fitting into the "free expression" pattern desired by the most progressive social planners.

Lest anyone think that the use of a demoralized Federal military service to inculcate young Americans with vested ideologies is improbable, the early days of forging a Universal Military Training law for this nation should be recalled. As frankly stated in the

proposals, military training was just "one" item on the agenda. Social indoctrination or "orientation" was another and equally important item. Remember, too, the recruiting enticements of the past years. Except for the unshakable rock of our defense, the Marine Corps, the other services emphasized "joining up" as merely a device to learn civilian skills and have a good time.

The principle sort of public assault usually launched against the Guard was most glaringly evident in 1948 when a Committee on Civilian Components, under the then assistant secretary of Army, Gordon Gray, recommended that the Guard, both ground and air, be incorporated into a Federal Reserve Force. The effect, of course, would have been to yank the Guard out of the States and put it in Washington. Fortunately, Congress, which represents those States, has the final say on such matters. And its say has always been to keep the Guard intact, primarily to avoid creation of a totally centralized, Prussian-style military organization. The more subtle reasons beyond that haven't been debated.

Currently, however, there is another sort of difficulty facing the Guard. Under the new Reserve Forces Act, home-town Guard-type units of the Federal Reserve are being emphasized in nationwide publicity as the most satisfactory means by which young men may

fulfill their military obligations. The Guard has been pushed into the background by the fanfare. What Guardsmen would like to see, if the Reserve Act comes up for reconsideration (as it well may in 1957), is a provision that will put the Guard and the Reserve on an equal footing when it comes to allocating the men who, when they have finished regular service, must still participate in Reserve or Guard activities for a number of years.

Already, there is showing up in the Reserve program some of the ills to which a Federal force are subject in peacetime—but which Guard units can avoid. Officers concerned with the program in the Pentagon are getting ulcers trying to placate mothers by making the Reserve Act seem a sort of picnic arrangement, in which Junior will be scrubbed, loved, cherished and taught how to make beds, but never exposed to grit, grime or mean sergeants.

It is only a very short step from bending to pressure such as this to bending to pressures for "social orientation," such as was originally envisaged by some of the planners of a "peoples" style universal military service.

THE GUARD, by its nature, is not as susceptible to these pressures. Its tradition, under the Militia clause of the Constitution, tends to insulate it from the new, progres-

sive purposes of Federal service. The Guard, in other words, can stick to its guns.

The Guard has no illusions, however, that its long years of service and tradition will always protect it from the assaults of those who, for one reason or another, resent the maintenance of 52 separate armed forces. Nor should any

American, concerned about the bedrock guarantees of his freedom, have any illusion that the fate of the Guard does not concern *him*. Indeed, whether he can serve in it or merely *support it*, every American should be deeply concerned in what the Guard represents: the sovereignty of the States.

Flotsam & Jetsam

Middle age is upon you when you begin to exchange your emotions for symptoms. —IRVIN S. COBB

Isn't there any perfume on the market with a name that would appeal to a nice girl? —*Quote*

MAJOR OPERATION: The kind where the patient has to borrow money to pay for it. —HERB SHRINER

I went to a specialist who stared at me in silence for a while, then said: "I'm trying to think of a disease you can afford." —CINDY HELLER

A man was explaining to his bookie that he couldn't place any more bets, although he had been paid the previous day. "My wife," he said sadly, "blew all the money on the rent." —ARTHUR GODFREY

I know a town that's so small the speed cops have to hide behind each other. —BOB HOPE

Here's a simple way to identify the owner of a car. He's the one who, after you pull the door shut, always opens it again and slams it harder. —VAUGHN MONROE

There are many complaints about the weather, but not so many as there would be if the government regulated it instead of predicting it. —Grit



by
Louise Cheney

Duel for a Lady's Hair

DAWN was coloring the wide Texas sky on a mild May morning in 1838 when a man, his every movement an indication of the rage which possessed him, stomped arrogantly down the street of San Antonio, frontier city of the infant republic. His boot heels emitted sharp spats against the hard-packed dirt road. Halting before a store entrance, he posted a notice on the as yet unopened door. The establishment was a general store owned by the Navarro brothers, Eugenio and Antonio, respected and prominent citizens of San Antonio.

The notice was an arrogant ultimatum, broadcasting the flagrant threat: A man named Tinsley would cut off the luxuriant black hair of his next-door neighbor unless some male of her own Spanish nationality would engage in a duel with Mr. Tinsley.

Neither of the Navarro brothers was there to see the declaration placed upon their door.

Tinsley was a leader of the lawless gang which had descended on the Republic of Texas following the revolution against Mexico and independence. San Antonio had come to fear his hair trigger temper and his deadly accuracy with a shooting iron.

Also a resident of San Antonio at that time was a man by the name of Hall, who, suffering from tuberculosis, had moved from Mexico to the warm, dry climate of the Texas city. His wife, of Spanish ancestry, was a beauty with silky black hair which cascaded almost to her feet.

The Halls shared a common yard with Tinsley, although they lived in separate residences. In this yard Tinsley kept his most prized possession, a magnificent, dapple gray horse with a long flowing and perfectly groomed mane and tail, the grooming being meticulously carried out daily by the doting Tinsley. In the yard with the horse were Mrs. Hall's chickens, which she kept in order to supply her sick husband with fresh eggs.

Tinsley took care that his horse had the finest corn money could buy. One day when Tinsley happened to notice the chickens pecking greedily at the corn, his temper flared, his gun hand streaked to his pistol and he shot off the heads of several chickens.

AT THE sound of the shooting, Mrs. Hall rushed into the yard and attempted to reason with Tinsley. He replied with such blistering answers that she hastily withdrew. But she was not one to forget or let the matter be forgotten. That night by way of retaliation she sheared off the dapple gray's "crowning glory," the hair of the magnificent mane and tail.

Tinsley's temper really erupted then. He roared that nothing short of blood would avenge the insult and swore that he would shoot some one. But even his code, highly elastic as it was, forbade killing a woman. Certainly he could not take out his wrath on her husband, who even then lay on his death bed. Finally he furiously informed Mrs. Hall that she would have to produce some male member of her nationality to take up her quarrel and engage with Tinsley in a duel or Mr. Tinsley personally would shear off her hair. However, so impatient was Tinsley for vengeance that he did not give Mrs. Hall time to choose her defender but out of a clear sky suddenly picked the man, Eugenio Navarro, a mild mannered merchant and an honorable gentleman.

Antonio Navarro arose a few moments after Tinsley posted the notice, and stepped outside the store. Upon finding the strange notice on the door, he read it and destroyed it.

Innocent of Tinsley's decision,

Eugenio Navarro also rose early and began pruning shrubs with a Bowie knife at the back of the store building. Glancing at the sun mounting in the sky, he knew that it was time to open for business. Without thinking, he carried the knife inside. As he started to the front he noted that it was still in his hand. Walking back behind the counter, he laid it on a shelf.

Navarro then unlocked the front door and found a customer waiting outside, a man he knew well, a German carpenter. "Good morning," he greeted, then noticing Tinsley, waiting almost on the man's heels, he bade him a pleasant good morning also, a greeting which went unanswered by the scowling Tinsley.

"I'd like a pound of coffee beans," the carpenter told Navarro as he stepped inside. Tinsley followed behind the carpenter. Eugenio stepped behind the counter and began to weigh out the coffee beans. Suddenly Tinsley's left hand flashed into his pocket and came out with a quirt. His right hand was sunk deep in his right pocket. Glaring at Eugenio, he shouted, "Why did you take down the sign I posted on your door this morning?" Angrily he brandished the whip in the store keeper's face.

Navarro smiled and replied quietly, "I saw no notice on our door. What was its nature?"

Tinsley's angry explanation spilled forth while Eugenio con-

tinued to fill his customer's order. "I intend to use this quirt on the man who dared to take down that notice," finished Tinsley, still waving the whip menacingly.

THE SMILE on Eugenio's face vanished suddenly. His voice was stern as he replied, "No one has the right to post notices on this store and certainly not one of the kind you have described."

Savagely, Tinsley sprang forward and lashed Eugenio across the face with the whip. His right hand appeared, holding a derringer. Aiming the weapon directly at the merchant's heart, he pulled the trigger. Eugenio collapsed behind the counter. Fatally wounded, his glazing eyes fell upon the Bowie knife. Dying, he reached for the knife, grasped it and dragged himself up and over the counter.

Tinsley was swaggering out, well satisfied with himself. What mattered that he had killed an unarmed man in cold blood? He had avenged the loss of the dapple gray's tail and mane hair. But he failed to take into account the honor that was a part of the gentleman, Eugenio Navarro.

Just before Tinsley gained the door to the street, the dying Eugenio, his life blood gushing from his chest, with a mighty effort flung himself upon his murderer. Vainly Tinsley tried to throw off the dying man but Navarro clung desperately and plunged the Bowie

knife into his back. Tinsley staggered to the sidewalk with his burden and twice more Eugenio raised the knife and twice more buried it in Tinsley who fell to the ground as mortally wounded as the innocent man he had attacked.

For a time feeling ran high over Eugenio's ruthless murder and it seemed inevitable that trouble would erupt between the outlaw element and the citizens of San Antonio, but in the end the outlaws vacated the city.

The body of the gallant merchant

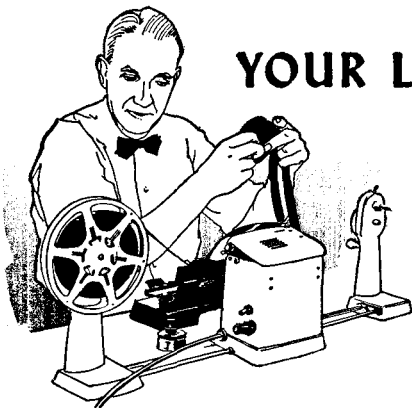
lies in a grave in the corner of the North Sanctuary of San Fernando Cathedral, to the right of the altar. Two languages, Spanish and English, tell the dramatic story of his death: "Here rests the remains of Eugenio Navarro, a native of the city of Bejar, who departed this life on the sixth of May 1838, age 34 years, 5 months and 21 days. He fell an innocent victim, by a shot from the pistol of a vindictive adversary, who, also, lost his life by the dagger of the brave defender, of his honor and person."

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YOUR LIFE ON FILM

by
Harry Kursh
and
Harold Mehling

FEW world travelers are as intimately acquainted with the picturesque streets of Paris, the winding canals of Venice or the historic towers of London as is Ralph R. Eno. And few big game hunters can tell you as quickly where there's good lion hunting at the moment. Yet Eno, an affable, soft-spoken man, has never left the United States. And only occasionally does he stray from his upper Manhattan apartment.

This unexpected knowledge stems from Eno's unique occupation. He is—and has been for 27 years—the only man in the country to take on the job of unscrambling the welter of amateur films taken by home movie enthusiasts. There are three million of them today, and what they turn out is usually a hodge-podge. Eno transforms the jumble of unconnected frames into a coherent and inter-

esting story of a family's life. And, despite the spectacular boom that home movie-making has enjoyed over the past decade, he remains the only professional film editor that amateurs can call on.

As a result, Eno ranks among the most rushed men in the world. The reason can be readily understood when home movies are compared with Hollywood products. If a Hollywood studio included in its final version all the footage its cameras caught in making a picture—and in the order the shots were taken—you'd probably walk out of the theater after the first boring half hour. Now think back to the number of times you've had that won't-this-ever-end? feeling while watching a friend running off his movies in his living room. Remember the 14 different angles of the children running into the water? You could have screamed.

And then the blank frames and the foggy ones? "Bad light," said your friend. "Oops, my arm moved on that one. The good ones come toward the end." But the end, it often seemed, never came.

Your friend needs Ralph R. Eno, the amateurs' film editor.

This 50-year-old transplanted Vermonter has edited millions of feet of film brought and sent to him by more than 5,000 persons, but his name does not appear on a single frame. Except to his clients, he remains anonymous. Some of the clients, however, are among the least anonymous people in the world. They include Herbert Hoover, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Rudy Vallee, Tommy Manville, Arturo Toscanini, Fritz Kreisler and an assortment of Latin American ex-presidents, Indian maharajas, American playboys, international explorers and hunters and big business executives.

ENO's work also brings him private glimpses of celebrities at ease. He is one of the few men outside of Arturo Toscanini's immediate family to have seen the maestro conducting an orchestra whose musicians played washboards, tin pans and kitchen utensils. The film showed the white-haired leader in shirt-sleeves and suspenders, waving a soup spoon for a baton. The players were NBC musicians taking a break in Sun Valley, Idaho, during a cross coun-

try tour. The scene will be memorable to Toscanini's family forever, Eno feels.

"The most priceless heritage modern parents can leave for their children," he says, "is a well-organized family album movie that tells its own story of the children growing up, work around the home, fun at picnics and travel experiences. Almost anything the family treasures today can be preserved as an unforgettable, exciting experience on film for tomorrow."

"When a man talks about how he made a movie and tells you what he was trying to get," he says, "you get valuable information. It's helpful in establishing the kind of mood he wants in the finished film."

Leaving the client's home with virtually a family history in film and notes, Eno retires to his editing corner at home and begins the tedious job of viewing, snipping and clipping. Titles are devised, approved by the client and inserted. When the film is completed it is treated for resistance to wear and the job is done. Out of a mass of disjointed pictures has come a well-placed film with an interesting life story to tell.

"The big fault of home movie-makers is that they don't edit as they go along—even those with their own editing equipment," Eno says. "Few realize how important and enjoyable editing is. Many keep putting it off until reel after

reel piles up and then it becomes too big a job."

FILM work has made Eno a bit of an expert in many fields. A minor but interesting one is the detection of children's ages. When family films show them 15 to 20 years younger than they are now, mother will sometimes swear that Janie was only four at the time. Father is equally certain that Janie had just passed her third birthday. Eno has seen literally thousands of youngsters toddle and skip across the screen and is able to pinpoint their ages with an amazing degree of accuracy. Some of the clues he seeks include physical characteristics and abilities and the style of their clothing.

A more important field of absorbed knowledge deals with wild animals and obscure locales. Eno estimates that he has edited several hundred films of African safaris and expeditions to remote polar regions. He can speak so authoritatively of Africa's wildest areas that businessmen and retired executives headed for safari junkets frequently call on him before leaving. They want to know where the best elephant herd pictures can be made or where they can photograph the most colorful ceremonial dances. Travelers often return with pictures of their families strolling down foreign boulevards. When the unfamiliar street names escape them, Eno fills the gap.

Physicians, surgeons, dentists and researchers often call on Eno to edit films they use to illustrate lectures. Not long ago he accepted a challenge to merge two separately filmed operations performed by a noted plastic surgeon on two different people. The surgeon was to lecture on the reconstruction of deformed features of women. In the first operation, his technique was not quite up to his usual standard. In the second, the performance was virtually flawless. For illustrative reasons and to avoid distractions, the doctor wanted to display only the highest skill and precision possible. And in order to keep the whole lecture as uncomplicated as he could, it would be best if it seemed that the two operations had been performed on the same person.

After several days of painstaking editing, Eno finally was able to cross-cut scenes in such a way that the plastic surgeon himself was unable to identify the reel various pictures came from. As a matter of fact, Eno says, for a while the doctor doubted that the film had been made from his own reels. He thought Eno had given him a retake of another doctor's performance.

Despite his many absorbing experiences, Eno has always had trouble convincing his many friends in the Metropolitan Motion Picture Club—of which he is now president—that editing the

film work of amateurs isn't dull. Which, Eno will tell you, probably explains why he's the only one in his business.

"But some amateur home movies are more exciting than many professional films I've seen," he says. "I was one of the first Americans to see one of the few movies ever taken of a white giraffe in its natural setting in Africa. The same picture later made a sensational appearance in newsreels and magazines."

One of Eno's greatest thrills came recently when he was given three rolls of film by a man who had just returned from an extended African hunting trip. The movie opened with a quiet enough scene of a freshly-killed deer hanging from the back of a small truck. But suddenly a ferocious-looking lion jumped into view. Eno dropped his notes and sat transfixed as expedition members scrambled into the cab of the truck. The lion dashed up and ripped into the deer's body with all the terrible ferocity of a famished jungle beast. Then came another lion and another, until 15 of them were clawing at each other to get their share of the deer's carcass.

"As long as I live," says Eno, "I doubt if I'll ever see anything as thrilling as that in any Hollywood movie. It was one of the most dramatic close-ups I've ever seen on any film made by anyone, anywhere."

FILM editing was far from his mind when Eno left Vermont in 1924 to take a job in New York as a wallpaper salesman. But while passing a photography store one day his attention was drawn to a 16mm movie camera in the window.

"It intrigued me," he says. "But I didn't dare buy it. It was a pretty costly gadget and I didn't know anything about making movies. But I stopped to look at it many times, and finally I just walked in one day and bought it on the installment plan."

"My friends assured me that I was just throwing out my money on a passing fancy. But I went ahead and learned to use it. And I started editing my own film almost from the start."

He might have gone on selling wallpaper to make his living, though, if he hadn't been invited one night to see a "movie of New York" taken by a friend and fellow camera enthusiast. Seated with several other guests in the friend's living room, Eno noticed that there were a number of confusing breaks in the film's story continuity. The host-projectionist had to interrupt constantly with such remarks as "Please be patient. It gets better later." Looking around, Eno saw guest after guest either yawning or trying to stifle a yawn.

"Right then and there I could see a whole nation yawning in boredom in thousands of living rooms

across the country," Eno says. He offered to edit the movie for his friend. Subsequent showings were such a successful contrast with the first performance that he was convinced he could do the same thing for other amateurs and earn spare-time money to pay for his hobby.

Then, in 1927, fate wrote a Hollywood scenario with Eno's name all over it. A multi-millionaire playboy was practically dumped in his lap by a virtual stranger who had chanced to see one of Eno's first editing jobs. The youth, a Chicagoan living off an inherited fortune, had just returned from Europe. There, armed with the finest 16mm movie equipment that a lot of money could buy, he had taken a staggering number of helter-skelter scenes. In all, he had more than 20,000 feet of celluloid—an unheard of total for 16mm amateurs of that day.

It took Eno a year and a half to complete this editing job, but it was worth it. He netted a \$5,000 fee which put him on his feet professionally and touched off many years of comfortable income at a job he loved from the start. Today he receives movies for editing from all over the United States and from such places as Tasmania, Sumatra, Indo-China, Greece, Syria, Southern Rhodesia and Peru.

The unknowing outsider imagines that all a film editor has to do is equip himself with a cement pot and a pair of scissors, watch

film unreeled, cut the repetitious frames and splice the rest together. This may be true to some extent in Hollywood, where directors often shoot the same scene over and over until they get the one angle they like. Then they throw the rest away.

"In home movies, however, it doesn't work that way," says Eno. "The typical movie-maker regards every frame as his own precious creation. Some feel this way even if the image is nothing but a blurry glob. But most important is that many home movie-makers cannot afford the luxury of shooting the same scene many times until they get one that suits them. Most of them have to shoot a scene once and then that's it." As a result, Eno has had to devise a working method which is calculated to get the most out of an amateur's movie at the least cost.

ENO often is asked to brief clients before they set out on their trips. The result is a better movie taken with a lot less celluloid.

"All that's needed essentially is a good sense of organization," he tells them. "Add a little imagination and practice restraint in using the camera.

"For instance, if you're going to take pictures of a family auto trip or a visit to the zoo, talk over a story idea before you start—and then stick to it. Make close-ups of signs or familiar landmarks to in-

roduce a scene. That's what a Hollywood director calls 'establishing the setting.' Have you ever noticed how a Hollywood camera will sometimes sink in on a city scene, gradually entering a room through an open window? By the time it gets into the room and around it, you know where you are and a mood is created.

"Sometimes, when a man is going on a water trip, I'll suggest he get a shot of a pennant waving on a motor boat prow. That's a good shot to use in introducing the water setting. Walking feet can lend drama and provide transition. Other 'cutting shots' are a whirling propeller, a rolling auto wheel, the wake of a ship or the flipping of a calendar pad. Editors need scenes like these to make the film come alive."

ENO always reminds amateurs to get a series of shots that will form a continuous thought. There should be a long shot, a semi-close-

up and a close-up. "Don't worry if they can't be filmed in that order," he says. "The editor can fix that. No film ever emerged from a camera that was fit to be shown without editing. Just get the shots!"

Everybody likes good pictures, Eno has discovered, but there can also be times when pictures can be *too* good. For among his regular clients are some of those capricious men and women who marry and divorce and remarry with clock-like regularity. They require Eno's services for a very special reason—to extirpate scenes which show former spouses in order to avoid embarrassment to current and future mates.

At the moment, says Eno—who is as tight-lipped about such matters as a lawyer—he's preparing to eliminate wife No. 8 to make way for No. 9 of one of his oldest customers. And, he insists laughingly, the face on the cutting room floor won't be a former wife of Tommy Manville.

There was once a preacher who had the very laudable habit of ending every conversation with an invitation to come to church and attend services. It happened that one evening he ate a meal in a restaurant, where he was served by a somewhat dizzy blonde.

He gave her a pleasant smile as he rose to leave.

"That was a very good meal," he said. "Good evening, and I hope that I'll see you in Sunday School."

The waitress put her hands on her hips, stopped snapping her gum long enough to reply "Say, brother, I don't know what your pitch is, but your approach sure is different."

—COLA G. PARKER

Who Cares About

by Charles Vindex

EVERY SCHOOL CHILD has heard of Custer's Last Stand. It has not been understood that the same battle was the American Indian's last stand, too.

A few small incidents occurred later. In 1877, Chief Joseph's Nez Percé were beaten as much by cold, fatigue and hunger as by the troops of General Miles. In 1890, came the Battle of Wounded Knee—not a battle at all, but a bloody outrage against a shattered people.

But on June 25, 1876, Indian fighting men could still strike back at the white men who had robbed them, pushed them westward, then pretended to make peace, only to rob and kill again. The Sioux struck one tremendous, proud blow at Custer—the last effective blow any tribe would strike as Indians.

Then the "civilized" avengers swept over them mouthing their slogan *No good Indian but a dead Indian*—an expression of gross malevolence more bloodthirsty than any war whoop. Crazy Horse, an American military genius, died by

treachery. Sitting Bull was shot down at the door of his cabin. Through long tragic years, Indians survived at all only by white suffering. Americans but not citizens, a whole great people existed on the social plane of criminals or idiots.

With thoughts of this sort in mind, my wife and I and Roger Gratiot set out on a tour of sites in the Sioux country. We found nothing marked or preserved until we hit the Heart River plain south of Mandan, North Dakota. Here lies the site of the post where Custer and the Seventh Cavalry lived until they marched out against the Sioux in 1876.

The buildings were removed by



settlers more than half a century ago; but the foundations are marked. A man can trudge over the site and rebuild the scene in

imagination: the row of officers' quarters west of the road, with Custer's house in their center; the storehouses at the southern extreme; company quarters on the east; granaries, dispensary, and guardhouse on the north; the broad level parade ground in the center, still marked with its stately flagpole.

THE TRAIL by which Custer marched out of the post can be readily traced up a coulee and over the bluffs to the northwest. A museum displays Indian and military relics.

The route to the site could be better marked. It remains excessively easy to miss. The site itself could be kept clean. A wagonload of rubbish dumped into one of the basements of Fort Abe Lincoln seems out of place, to put it in the kindest terms.

We meant to visit Fort Rice, about 35 miles southeast of Mandan. We studied our map, read the brief note on the site in a booklet we bought at the museum. "Two blockhouses have been restored," it said. "Locations of all other buildings marked . . . Parking area."

If they'd taken the trouble to provide a parking area, it must be possible to get there by automobile. We set out. After miles of gravel surface from which dust rose in choking clouds, the road dwindled to unimproved dirt, finally became a rough prairie trail. Thirty miles

from Mandan it made a sharp right turn and ended at a wooden bridge. Across the approach stood one battered half of a *Road Closed* sign with a barely visible bit of rag, once red, dangling from it.

We got the car pointed north, drove back to Mandan, and asked questions. "Oh," said a man, "you can't get through there no more. There's a bridge washed out."

Next day we drove down ND 6 to the Standing Rock Indian Reservation. Again, no signs. A couple of Indian women helped us find Sitting Bull's grave. We located Cannonball and Standing Rock monuments by ourselves. Both had borne bronze plaques, but these had been removed, probably for their value as scrap metal.

The contrast between the grave of Sitting Bull and those of the Indian police who killed him illustrates the prejudice that prevailed on the frontier in 1890. The dead policemen were interred with full ceremony. A monument was erected at the spot. The body of the Chief was dumped into a corner of the military graveyard and covered like garbage.

The other graves were later opened, the bodies reburied elsewhere. Sitting Bull was left to sleep his long sleep in isolation until 1953, when relatives "stole" his bones and removed them to a better location beyond the South Dakota line, amid an amused hulla-baloo in the papers.

The South Dakota Guide seemed to say that two miles south of McLaughlin on US 12, we would find a junction with a dirt road; 11 miles west on this road we would reach the place where the Indian police killed Sitting Bull. The site, it said, was a park—“*Indian guide available during summer*. The sites of the cabins, the spots (*sic*) where each man fell, the common grave of the seven followers who died with Sitting Bull, and various relics . . . are preserved in this park.”

We found the junction. We drove 11 miles on the dirt road. Bare prairie. We turned in at a farmhouse. An attractive young woman came to the door.

“Can you direct us to Sitting Bull Park?” we asked.

“Never heard of it,” said the lady.

“It’s the place where Sitting Bull was killed by Indian police. There was quite a battle fought on that piece of land.”

“Gee,” said the lady, “I lived here all my life and I never heard of it!”

We drove on. We reached Bullhead village, named for Lieutenant Bullhead, commander of the detachment that killed the medicine chief. Indian children were playing in the street. We asked them. They shook their heads.

A mile west of the village we met two ranchers. We asked them. “There ain’t no park that we ever heard of,” they said.

YES, somewhere down along the Grand River flats they thought there was some sort of a marker on land belonging to Straight Pine, a Sioux. Finally we found the spot. It is a grave on a hillside where the bodies of the seven companions killed with Sitting Bull were buried after lying where they fell for something like two weeks. It is a grave no longer. Cloudbursts have washed the soil away and exposed the rough coffins, which have been broken and scattered by vandal hands or natural forces or both. Weathered boards, a few bleached bones, lie tossed in confusion over the slope. A signboard lay on its face between two posts. We turned it over.

SITE OF

SITTING BULL’S HOME

Scattered over a wide area we found small stakes which may once have marked places where men fell. Not one stood where it had been driven.

Next day, we headed for Medora and the Bad Lands. Five miles left from Medora, said our book, lay Custer Trail Ranch, where Custer raised protective parapets. We drove out on the only visible road to the left, through dust that rose thick as a London fog. We drove five, ten, a dozen miles among buttes and breaks; saw wilderness, saw antelope, saw wagon ruts ranged beside wagon ruts in ranks 50 feet wide; breathed air solid with badlands dust.

You guessed it. No parapets. Not even a ranch.

We rolled out of the Dakotas and across a third of huge Montana. At the mouth of the Rosebud we turned south and followed Custer's trail to his rendezvous with the obliterating Sioux. It was an experience we had long promised ourselves.

A SIGN marks Custer's first camp on the Rosebud, 12 miles south of the highway. "Bluffs shouldered in on either hand," says Frederic Van de Water in *Glory Hunter*, his book about Custer. "They bivouacked in timber at the foot of a rocky height." A good description—except that the bluffs do not shoulder in. The valley remains wide all the way. There is no rocky height.

That first marker is the only marker. Throughout the 63 remaining miles to Busby and the additional 26 miles across the pass to the Little Big Horn, we traced Custer's movements by referring to the recorded facts of his march. The route is not at all hard to trace. The notion that Custer had to struggle through mountainous country is poppycock. No "encroaching bluffs blocked the regiment's advance." The only serious obstacle was the Rosebud itself, which loops and twists so intricately that Custer had to ford it constantly to make reasonably direct progress.

Moreover, he did *not* cross the Wolf Mountains on the final night march of June 24-25. That isn't even possible. The Wolf Mountains lie much farther south. The Sarpies rise to the north. *Custer crossed by the pass*, actually a broad, gently sloping plain. Any other course would have involved marching miles out of his way merely to make dramatic copy for hostile biographers. Custer may have been reckless, but he wasn't as reckless as some historians say.

Before leaving the Rosebud, we drove to the Crook battlefield near Kirby. We found a large sign beside the road, and a monument on a steep knoll just west of it. Tourists who wander this far from the highway may get the impression that the battle was fought on this tall knob. Actually General Crook pitched camp on the floor of the valley two and a half miles farther west. The Indians attacked him there. Before the fight ended with Crook reeling in retreat, it had spread out over miles of the valley and its bordering hills, mostly north and west.

The field lies on the ranches of Elmer E. Kobald and Tom Pension. Kobald told us he would gladly donate land for a memorial if a responsible agency would accept his gift. He has hesitated to press the matter because "people might feel I was trying to advertise my property."

Kobald left his work to trudge

with us over the field and show us how slightly time has altered it. Rifle and pistol shells are still found here often. Other finds, numerous some years ago, have grown rare. Kobald told how one of his ranch hands found a rifle on one of the slopes, knocked the front sight off to attach to his own hunting rifle, and "slung" the gun itself away in the grass. "How could anybody be that dumb?" he said.

Perhaps the hired man wasn't much dumber than the people who have slung away the chance to get this valuable site without cost.

Going back to Busby we recrossed a small bridge we had crossed going south. One side of it had collapsed in the interval!

Leaving the ranch, we took the old road west of Busby which closely follows Custer's route, even emerging on the Little Big Horn a few miles south of the battlefield. It crosses the stream very near where Major Reno crossed while Custer started his controversial ride along the ridges east of the river. From this point northward, everything has been carefully studied. Though no white man lived to tell what happened to Custer, it is simply stupid to doubt that he meant to cross farther north and relieve the pressure on Reno by attacking the Sioux camp from the east or north.

The Indians moved too swiftly for him. Even before he drew

abreast of the camp, they were driving Reno back. As Chief Gall struck at Custer directly across the river, Crazy Horse came circling in from the northwest. The Seventh was caught in a classic pincer movement directed by a general who needed no gold braid to attest his greatness.

EVEN HERE, at the best developed historic site on the Great Plains, we found signs of sleepwalking irresponsibility. What use can any person make of an unidentifiable chip of marble that he can't display without convicting himself of a slack-brained offense? Scarcely a marker on the field remains unchipped.

The rudest shock awaited us at Hardin. Someone with a sense of history had once marked Fort Custer; a highway sign still announces the site. We turned off on one more country road and found the place atop a high bluff above the Bighorn River. A tall fence surrounded it. A sign proclaimed:

NO TRESSPASSING

FOR GOLF MEMBERS ONLY

The basement excavations and stone marker are used as hazards by the people who come up here to knock little balls around.

We headed homeward by way of the Black Hills, where virtually everything is marked, price-tagged and exploited—where you can try such tidbits as an inn which at a stated hour daily hangs a horse

thief, a dummy horse thief, that is. And finally, east of the hills, we drove through the village of Wall, where a few devout self-advertisers at the local drugstore have, according to their own claims, draw to themselves more attention than the entire history of the Sioux Nation!

Leisure Teasers

1. A painter required 3 days to paint a room. How long would it take him, working at the same rate, to paint a room twice as long, twice as broad, and twice as high?

2. Express 100 by using the same figure 6 times.

3. When tomorrow is yesterday, today will be as near to Sunday as today was when yesterday was tomorrow. What day is it?

4. From these letters a single English word can be made. What is it? PNLLEEESSSSS

5. Two motorcycle cops paused behind a large billboard to lie in wait for speeding violators. One officer looked up the road, the other looked down it, so as to cover all territory.

"Pat," said one without turning his head, "what are you smiling at?"

How could he tell that Pat was smiling?

6. A forged check was presented at a bank at 2 P.M. on Monday. It is certain that it was presented by one of these men—Parker, Layton, or Dark.

The officials took the following statements:

Parker: I was in the bank on Monday. I remember speaking to Dark. I did not present a check. I think the guilty one is Layton.

Layton: I wasn't even in the bank Monday. Dark is innocent. Parker has never spoken to him in his life. And I know Dark is in need of funds.

Dark: I was in the bank about 2 on Monday. Parker did not address me. I didn't present the forged check, and I am certainly not in need of money.

Each of these statements contains 4 assertions, and in each case 3 assertions only are actually true.

Who presented the check?

7. Place 3 letters before ERGRO and the same 3 letters in the same order after it to make a familiar word. *Answers on page 88.*



Is Your Dog a Bum?

by Jack Denton Scott

OF LATE, a lot of people have become fearful that our population of 22,000,000 dogs will wind up as lap-loungers, useless house ornaments, pampered do-nothings. About the hardest job most canines seem to have these days is keeping their dinner pans clean.

It was different in the beginning. Our planet had scarcely cooled when man realized that dog could be made to serve him. But today the tables seem to be turned: Man is serving dog. About all the average dog-owner expects is that his pet will come when called, not bite people and stay off the furniture.

However, several items have recently turned up that give fresh hope. It seems that a policeman in Memphis claimed a dog obstructed justice when he went to investigate

a card game. He said the dog acted as sentry, barked, then nipped him as he approached the door. The dog's owner vehemently denied that his pet was the lookout for an illegal card game; and as there was no evidence, both dog and man were released. There was a dog who saw his duty and did it.

The Rev. E. L. Dixon's dog also saw his duty. It seems that because of the late hour, the Reverend and his friend, one Clarence Hodges, of Edmonton, Kentucky, called off their hunt after their three hounds had treed a coon. But when they reached home, Dixon discovered one dog was missing.

After waiting three days for the dog to turn up, the Reverend returned to the scene of the hunt. There was the missing hound sitting under the tree, holding the coon at bay. He didn't want to leave his job unfinished.

If you put your mind to it, you *can* think of some useful jobs being performed by dogs. For instance,

two of the largest department stores in America, Macy's in New York and Marshall Field's in Chicago, decided that in some cases dogs might do a better job than people, so they replaced night watchmen with pairs of Doberman pinschers, to roam the stores at night and rout burglars. Breakings and enterings have hit a new low since the dog detectives took over.

This year, dogs helped in the important job of bird-banding being done by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service as a conservation aid. Retrievers, mostly Labradors and Chesapeakes, are catching wild ducklings and bringing them to shore unharmed to be banded, then released.

In Scotland, sheepdogs are trained to keep their woolly charges off railroad tracks; in France and Italy, dogs are taught to snuff out the costly but elusive truffle; in Germany, canines are pressed into service as police assistants, and help to find people buried in avalanches.

BUT IN America, dogs are mostly considered pets and playthings, and thus the vast majority of them lead pretty useless lives. Probably for that reason, dogs that actually do things other than bark and eat their meals have always interested me. Over the years, I've collected true stories about a few to prove that if given the oppor-

tunity, dogs do have a sense of duty. Take the case of the pointer and the little boy:

Larry Paucek, from Liberty, Maine, was training a puppy pointer and had his six-year-old son with him. Seeing the dog freeze on point, he went to flush the bird. But there wasn't any bird. While he was admonishing the pup, Paucek noticed three strands of barbed wire, chest-high, neatly camouflaged by high grass. He went back, got his young son, lifted him over and placed him safely on the other side. Promptly the dog broke point, jumped the fence and began hunting again.

"I didn't see the wire," Paucek says, "and if that dog hadn't pointed, my boy would have blundered into it and gotten some nasty cuts!"

Youngsters of another sort figure in the story Charles F. Goodnow, Jr., of Massachusetts, tells of a pup he sold to a sportsman. Water closed up early that year and some wild mallards were left stranded with half-grown young. One day while looking across the burnished expanse of an ice-closed lake, Goodnow's customer noticed a clutch of young ducklings in an open patch of water.

He glanced down at the Irish water spaniel beside him and remarked that the whole thing was too bad. The spaniel carefully started off across the ice and brought every one of the duck-

lings back. He returned them to shore one at a time, handling them so gently that they didn't even struggle in his mouth.

Retrieving of a strange sort is related by a Connecticut man who went for a walk in the woods last Fall, spotting partridge with his female Weimaraner. He had a bad arm, which was in a sling. While stepping on stones to cross a deep brook, he slipped and fell. His good arm twisted under him; he couldn't use the bad one and was rapidly drowning. Then he felt something grab the back of his coat and pull him to shore. His Weimaraner didn't want to lose a master.

ANOTHER DOG who wanted to keep his master belonged to Ross Allen, owner of the Reptile Institute in Silver Springs, Florida. The dog had not been thoroughly trained and preferred to amble beside Allen, rather than move out ahead and hunt birds. One afternoon, the young pointer locked on a point before a bunch of palmettos. Ross halted, then moved toward the dog. As he did, the little pointer turned his head and barked in warning. Then it happened: A flash of black and the sound of rattles. The pointer was stung between the eyes.

Ross used his snakebite kit, then rushed the dog back to Silver Springs and saved him. He was so impressed that he decided to teach

his dogs all about snakes. At present he has several pointers trained to point rattlesnakes from a safe distance.

Ray Poquette is a guide and a trainer of water dogs, especially Chesapeake Bay retrievers. He has one named Timmie he values above all others. Here's why:

Duck-hunting with Timmie when the dog was just eight months old, Poquette shot a prize Canadian Red Leg and broke its wing. It flapped into a swamp full of big rushes, sticking five feet out of the freezing water.

Timmie started out fast on the order to fetch. Ray waited twenty minutes, then, against the advice of the hunters he was guiding, went after his dog. He pictured Timmie hung up, choked to death or drowning. Finally he heard a splash about 50 yards away. He waded in that direction and found his dog.

Timmie was holding the big red leg firmly in his mouth, but was so tangled in a roll of abandoned wire that it was out of the question for him to get free alone. Poquette tried to make him drop the duck, but even though exhausted from attempting to keep his head above water, and with rusty barbs imbedded in his flesh, the dog refused. Ray had to coax for ten minutes before Timmie would release the duck and make his way to safety.

Water was also involved in the

experience shared one fall day by Malcolm Jones and W. A. Lake of Norfolk, England, while they were pheasant shooting with their two dogs: Jill, a Golden retriever, and Punch, a black Labrador retriever.

Suddenly a pheasant went up from the grass and was knocked down by the shotguns of Lake and Jones. The bird planed over the center of a small lake and dropped like a stone. Jill, the Golden, jounced into the water, got out about ten yards and suddenly started floundering. She was in trouble and drowning.

Lake and Jones were getting ready to go in after her when Punch hit the water. Swimming out to Jill, he grabbed her by the neck and brought her to shore. Then, remembering his duty, Punch reentered the water, swam to where the pheasant was floating, brought it back to shore and put it in the astounded Jones' hand.

The London office of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals claims that its records contain no other case of a dog rescuing another from drowning.

Anything Can Happen

A Denver housewife telephoned the water board during a heavy rainstorm to complain that it was raining so hard she couldn't water her lawn.

A Seattle, Washington, woman complained to police that her neighbor went outside every half hour to call his cat. Asked what was wrong with that, she replied: "He doesn't have a cat."

In Wilmington, Delaware, a constable served an eviction notice on tenants. Later, calling to see if they had left, he found the house gone.

A Birmingham, Alabama, resident heard a noise in a public trash can labelled PLACE LITTER HERE, uncovered a dog and her four newly born pups.

In Springfield, Massachusetts, a man admitted cashing a bad check to pay his lawyer, who was defending him against a charge of cashing bad checks.

"You have more postage on this package than you need," the mail clerk pointed out.

Said the little old lady: "Oh, dear. I hope it won't go too far."

—DANNY THOMAS

Ever Had Bursitis?

by John E. Eichenlaub, M.D.

IT MIGHT BE one too many smashing strokes on the golf course or one too many sweeps of the scrub brush at spring cleaning time. It might be one too many blows with a hammer when you try to save a carpentry bill, or one too many heaves on the tug-of-war rope at the church picnic. It might even be one too many kicks in the knee administered by a restless cow, as it was for one poor sufferer I knew. But sooner or later, the chances are high that some kind of extra wear, tear or injury will give you your first brush with bursitis. And even your first brush with this painful and disabling condition will be one too many.

The bursa which kicks up on you might not even be on the anatomy charts. Although everyone has a large number of bursas scattered through different layers of muscle and tendon in his body, many of them seem to come about in a slapdash fashion. These are the bearings of your body—collapsed bal-

loons which keep their inside surfaces slick and lubricated and their walls lax and unattached. Wherever one muscle rubs against another or against some harsh edge of bone or fascia, the body interposes a bursa. In the places where these conditions always exist—above the point of the elbow and just below the kneecap for instance—there is always a bursa. But in a dozen other spots where friction is less certain or where the crossing of tendons causes stress only in people of certain proportions there might or might not be a bursa, and it might be in a certain spot or inches away.

Once a bursa gets irritated, you can easily see why it kicks up a fuss. The first trace of irritation makes every tiny blood vessel in the bursa's wall fill itself to capacity with extra blood for fighting off the trouble. Thus engorged, these blood vessels transform the slick, bearing-like inner surface of the bursa to harsh, sandpaper roughness. At every motion of the mus-

From the June 1955 issue of "Today's Health," published by the American Medical Association.

cles or tendons it is lubricating, the bursa grates painfully. The trouble-fighting legions of the blood-stream pour forth on a wave of fluid, and the balloonlike bursa swells until its fragile walls are stretched beyond endurance. Its pleas for respite flood the switchboard of the pain nerves in the area. Not only does the bursa hurt; the whole arm or leg or shoulder hurts as nearby pain nerves echo the call.

When this happens to you, you will go to a doctor. Today your doctor will have many effective methods of treatment he did not have a few years ago. Moreover, if you can hold off for a while, there's an excellent chance he'll have even better cures at hand.

As they have in so many fields, the adrenal stimulating and supplementing hormones have proved that they have a place in the treatment of bursitis. ACTH and cortisone may hold as many as four fifths of cases under complete control until they have a chance to heal themselves. Extensive use of these drugs with arthritis and allergies has taught doctors to give them in a manner almost completely free of risk. They unquestionably help in handling the worst cases of bursitis and those which do not get well with ordinary treatment. Work with injecting hydrocortisone directly into the inflamed bursa is also encouraging, and may ultimately go to the top of the treatment list.

ANOTHER completely new approach to the problem is the use of sympathetic blocking agents. These new drugs, like Etamon and Priscoline, affect the nerves that supply the blood vessels in the bursa, and some of the pain nerves from it. By blocking the action of those nerves, sympathetic blocking agents check the vicious circle of irritation causing blood vessels to get bigger causing more irritation. Results have been very good in many cases.

Many different kinds of rays and waves have long been used for bursitis. In most locations, light x-ray treatment is effective and completely safe.

Martin Lee was treated with x-ray, for example. Martin's right elbow became sore after a strenuous warm-up session two days before a big bowling tournament. His whole team would be knocked out of play unless he was able to bowl, but he couldn't even lift the ball. There was only time for a single treatment before the big moment, and Martin's doctor warned him that results usually take two or three days and that the bursitis sometimes feels worse the first day after treatment. In Martin's case, however, his arm felt good enough by game time to let him roll a record score.

Most of the other rays used for bursitis aim at heating the affected area. An ordinary infrared or heat lamp does a pretty good

job, and has settled down many a mild case. For more stubborn cases, doctors have long used deeper heat generated by passing radio waves through the area—the resistance to the passing of the waves develops heat under the skin as well as on the surface. New, very shortwaved diathermy machines do this job with great ease and efficiency. Still newer machinery scraps the radio wave for ultrashort sound waves, which have a helpful action (although most authorities think it is still just a matter of producing deep heat).

One further new development may put many of these complicated machines into relative disuse. By studying the actual temperature changes in and around inflamed tissue during treatment, a group of researchers has proved that it is more beneficial to heat the surface but cool the actual diseased area. Apparently, the old fashioned idea of drawing congestion to the surface is not too far off in bursitis. At least, there's a good chance that much of the good done by heat treatment in joint inflammations and similar conditions comes from the dilation of surface channels, drawing off fluid from the congested blood vessels in the area of the disease. This fits in with the oft-proved fact that paraffin baths, hot soaks and contrast baths (four minutes hot soak, one in cold, four more in heat and so on ending with heat) give more relief in many

cases than any of the deep-heating machines.

A great deal of this thinking is now being applied to the treatment of bursitis, and many doctors are switching to simple measures with good results. However, there are also many reports of excellent cure rates with ultrasound—four out of five healed in two days, according to one doctor—and with diathermy. Certainly improvement in the methods of using heat and other waves or rays will be the result of the extensive trials now being run.

One of the other mainstays of treatment for bursitis has always been aspirin. It's probably still best today, but several of the new drugs used in gout have challenged its total supremacy. Butazolidine for example, is now used for bursitis by some doctors.

The only one of the older mainstays which has not been challenged and probably never will be is bed rest. Today many orthopedists are using splints or split casts to keep the bursitis-racked part from being moved. If anything, more vigorous measures are taken in this direction as the years go by.

DESPITE improved treatment however, there are a few spots where bursitis often drags on. Behind the shoulder, above the point of the elbow and below the kneecap are the worst places in the body to have bursitis. Quite often, trouble will continue in these spots

until the walls of the bursa have been changed beyond recognition and there is no chance of getting cure without radical measures. In such cases, the only answer is surgery. New techniques, new anesthetics and new ways of dealing with any complication which might come up have made such operations steadily safer and more effective, but the best operation is still the one you manage to make unnecessary. If you have trouble in one of these areas, you'll be smart to get complete medical attention right away.

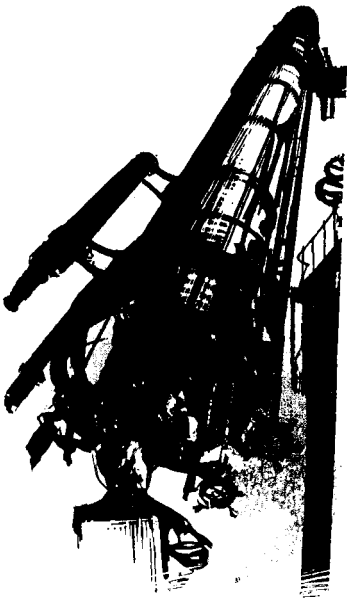
OF COURSE, you might carry the same line of thinking one step further and say that the best attack of bursitis is the one you can

keep yourself from having. In almost every case, bursitis follows unaccustomed strain or overuse of an extremity. By taking a little time to work up your physical condition, and especially by working up the muscles that you plan to use in any repetitious motion outside your normal range (strengthening your wrist and arm before you start painting your house, for instance), you can probably keep clear of this common and painful disease. In spite of all the progress that has been made in curing it quickly, bursitis is still no fun.

And like any other bearings, your bursas stay trouble-free much longer if you warm them up slowly and let them get fully lubricated before you race your motor.

Answers to Leisure Teasers

1. 12 days—because the walls would be 4 times as big.
2. 99 99/99.
3. Wednesday.
4. Sleeplessness.
5. Both were facing each other.
6. Parker is eliminated since if he is guilty two of his statements are untrue. This is confirmed by the fact that a third statement (I remember speaking to Dark) is inconsistent with the innocence of Dark and Layton. Dark is also eliminated, since if he is guilty he is “not in any need of funds” and thus two of Layton’s statements are false. This leaves Layton, whose guilt is consistent with all the data. The 3 false statements are:
 - I remember speaking to Dark (Parker)
 - I was not in the bank on Monday (Layton)
 - I do not need any money (Dark)
7. Underground.



by
John T. Kane

Hiss, *krick*, *brrumk*—just ordinary sounding radio static!

But why did an audience of top astronomers recently sit in rapt fascination over a tape recording that played nothing else?

Because they knew that what they were hearing represented man's first "audible" contact with another planet. They were actually hearing a recording of radio static from the planet Jupiter, giant of our solar system.

Man has now been "listening" to Jupiter ever since the fall of 1954 when two astronomers accidentally picked up the sounds using a 96-acre network of radio telescopes near Washington, D. C.

The astronomers, Dr. Bernard F. Burke and Dr. Kenneth L. Franklin, of the Carnegie Institute, were looking much further afield for radio waves. In fact, they were investigating radio sources that have been detected from outer space thousands and even millions of light years from the earth. When the short bursts of static were consistently heard whenever Jupiter "crossed the beam," the astronomers knew they had made a unique discovery.

Something on or around the planet Jupiter was transmitting powerful radio signals far into space. Could it be colossal thunderstorms in the planet's thick atmosphere, similar to the lightning storms we have here on earth? Could it be caused from the friction between atmospheric layers? Or perhaps from shock waves somehow erupting through the atmosphere?

Whatever the cause, the mystery is still unsolved. Radio astronomers feel that they are getting some positive answers, and precise measurements have been made which indicate the radio signals tend to come from certain "disturbance areas" on the planet.

Radio noises are merely the latest of the baffling phenomena that astronomers have observed in their study of the Jovian planet.

With a diameter of 88,770 miles, Jupiter is larger than the earth and all the rest of the planets put together. However, when one looks at some other "vital statistics," the giant of the solar system begins to look more like a mammoth snowball. With a volume 1,300 times that of the earth, Jupiter has only 320 times our mass. Its mean density is only 1.3 times that of water.

No one really knows of what materials Jupiter is composed. Only recently, the planet was believed to have a rocky, metallic core about 37,000 miles in

diameter. An ice layer of some 17,000 miles was supposed to overlay the core, and the final or outside shell was an 8,000-mile-thick atmosphere of heavy frozen gases, chiefly the hydrogen compounds, ammonia and methane.

A newer theory, however, has the planet made up of about 80 percent hydrogen. This is in line with current scientific opinion that hydrogen is the most abundant element in the universe. When the planets were formed, they all had thick envelopes of hydrogen. But Jupiter's low surface temperature and tremendous gravitational field kept most of its hydrogen from dispersing into outer space.

The planet's gravitational strength makes it a sort of "traffic cop" for the solar system's comet population. Jupiter is believed to have "captured" many comets so that they swing around the sun within Jupiter's own orbit.

Orbiting at a lonely 483 million miles from the sun, Jupiter stays in the vicinity of the super deep-freeze temperature of 200 degrees below zero. While the planet takes a leisurely 11 years to make one trip around the sun, it spins furiously on its axis at a speed of some 28,000 miles per hour. This gives it a "day" of only 9 hours and 55 minutes—the shortest of any of the planets.

Through the telescope—even a homemade reflector with a 4-inch mirror—Jupiter is one of the most

magnificent sights in the heavens. Four of the 12 Jovian moons are visible with a small telescope or a good pair of binoculars, and they may be seen strung out like tiny jewels on an imaginary line running through the planet's equator. They were discovered by Galileo in 1610 when he first pointed his newly invented telescope or "optic tube" into the clear night sky of Italy. Galileo watched the moons orbit around the parent planet and cited this as proof of the then new Copernican theory that the earth and the rest of the planets revolved about the sun.

SIXTY-SIX years after Galileo first saw the moons, the Danish astronomer Roemer puzzled over the fact that there were minute but definite variations in the times it took for the moons to pass behind the planet and appear again in our view. Since these variations depended on the varying distance of Jupiter from the earth at different times of the year, Roemer concluded that it must take light longer to travel from the moons to us when Jupiter was further away. He was thus able to calculate the time involved and come up with the first estimate of the speed of light.

Today, astronomers count a total of 12 Jovian moons, ranging in size from about 15 miles in diameter to several the size of our own moon. The closest revolves at a

neighborly 112,800 miles from the planet, and the most distant is away off in space some 14,700,000 miles. The last six satellites were discovered photographically and can be seen only in the largest telescopes.

Jupiter's satellites have given astronomers many a headache in keeping track of their ever-changing positions. To make things more confusing, four of the outer moons revolve in the opposite direction from the rest. Number VIII recently made the newspapers when its orbit was calculated with Remington Rand's Univac electronic computer. It had been "lost" since 1941 because of the laborious nature of the hand calculations necessary to establish its complicated orbit. Thanks to Univac, number VIII now has its erratic wanderings computed up to the year 1980.

Next to the moons, the most noticeable things on Jupiter in a telescopic view are the broad bands which encircle the planet. Usually a marked purplish color, the bands have been observed to vary greatly in shading and intensity during the more than 300 years since they were first seen. The bands as we see them are apparently the visible effect of approximately 10 major surface zones or currents on the planet. The enormous scale of these currents is seen in the size of the principal one, the great equatorial current which is nearly 15,000 miles wide.

AS LONG AGO AS the mid-1600's, astronomers noted that the bands were not all rotating with the same velocity—and the equatorial regions were rotating faster than the polar regions. This indicates that Jupiter is not spinning on its axis like a solid body such as our earth.

The two belts north and south of the equator vary in color with the planet's seasons in each hemisphere. When the north belt is most reddish, the south one is a faded grey or blue. Just before Jupiter reaches its greatest orbital distance from the sun, the equatorial zone takes on a dull orange color.

One of the most astonishing phenomena observed on Jupiter is the famous Red Spot. It was first seen in the 1850's but became quite prominent in 1878. It has been visible ever since, although it varies in color from a deep brick red to a dull grey.

The Red Spot is roughly 30,000 miles long and about 7,000 miles wide. It changes its shape and size, rotates with a highly irregular velocity, and has been identified as one of the chief areas of radio wave emission on the planet.

It seems to have made a hollow or bay for itself at the top of the planet's visible atmosphere. Its home territory is the latitude of

about 20 degrees south of the Jovian equator, but the Spot has shifted as much as 20,000 miles to either side of this area.

The Red Spot has a sort of companion in Jupiter's southern hemisphere known as the South Tropical Disturbance. This remarkable "thing" is visible as a vague, dark marking about 45,000 miles in length. First observed in 1901, the Disturbance plays a kind of "tag" with the Red Spot. Lying in the belt just south of the Spot, it rotates faster and consequently overtakes the Spot every so often. When it catches up with the Spot, its motion speeds up and as it passes, it drags the Spot along with it for several thousand miles.

What can we make of such a world so unlike our own, yet traveling for billions of years around the same solar system?

Red Spots, Disturbances, and radio waves notwithstanding, we do know that mighty Jupiter will continue to blaze forth as one of the brightest objects in our night sky, earning well his ancient Roman title of "the light bringer." In the spring and summer sky he will be shining with a pale and untwinkling light in the constellation of Leo. Stop a minute some clear night and look out at our largest planetary neighbor.

Too many people who are looking for a helping hand don't even try to lift one of their own fingers.

FINE FUR FOR FELT

by Frank Tully

I HAVE worked in a hat factory for over 25 years. I guess this makes me a hatter. In fact, I think I have an even fancier title. I once happened to see an advertising brochure put out by the company I work for in which they described their employees as "master craftsmen in fine fur felt."

Let us call this concern the Lancelot Hat Company. The business was founded by one Samuel James Lancelot who came from England in the early part of the last century. He began manufacturing hats on a small scale soon after he settled in Danbury, Connecticut. There is a legend to the effect that Sam bought his first supplies of rabbit and beaver skins direct from the Indians.

However, it was not very long before Sam found it necessary to move to larger quarters in order to supply his growing clientele. Sometime later he had to have a new sign made bearing the legend, "S. J. Lancelot and Son." Then a little later he added an S to make it "Sons." In the 1920's, the business became known as the Lancelot Hat Company, Incorporated.

Perhaps I should point out that I am strictly a "back shop" worker and know less than nothing about how hats are "finished." Of course, I can tell a flat-top from a homburg at ten paces, but to me a hat is strictly a body, at least while I am on the job.

Hat bodies are made by shrinking and felting loose fur until it finally begins to look like a hat. When a body is first formed, it is cone-shaped and much, much larger than when finished. At this stage, the terms crown and brim are more or less imaginative. A hat does not have either a crown or a brim until it is blocked and this is one of the final back-shop operations.

Up to this point, hat-making is primarily a shrinking and felting process. This calls for a great deal of rolling, pounding, dipping and soaking in order to make the body shrink and felt-up at the same time. As to the *modus operandi* of this felting, there seem to be two schools of thought. One notion is that the hairs tie and point together in some mysterious manner. The second theory is that animal

hair is a gelatinous substance and that this softens and jells together to form the mass or fabric we call felt. I am inclined to favor this second guess.

Rolling looms large as an important part of this process. Practically all machines used in making hats are roller-type machines. From hardening machine to Genest machine the hats get a lot of rolling. Finally, they are rolled to a fare-thee-well on a machine of many rollers. The hot water is important. The chemicals and acids are important. The sweat and elbow grease are important. But, in the last analysis, you could not make hats without this rolling.

I ONCE saw an old print which showed hatters at work about a hundred years ago. This pictured a group of about ten or twelve men circled around a huge tub that looked like an indoor swimming pool. Some appear to be fishing for the hats with long poles. Others seem to be dunking them in the water. Since seeing this quaint old picture, I have been intrigued by the fancy that if one of these lads were to visit a modern hat factory, he would be in for a few surprises.

For one thing, he would see no tubs of such generous proportions, and what tanks and tubs he did see would not be of wood but of stainless steel.

And while he still might see some dunking and fishing he

would be sure to notice the greater emphasis on rolling.

Nowadays, I believe, hats are made chiefly from rabbit fur. Along with our domestic supply, rabbit skins are imported from Australia and some of the European countries. There is a world fur market in London and there is a European market in Paris. Most of the fur that goes into a hat is called "entire," and three-ring entire is supposed to be the best in this category. Oddly enough, it is said to be impossible to make a hat of pure beaver fur.

But there is no point in telling how hats are made step by step. However, many of the names for the various operations are more or less self-explanatory. Coning, hardening, wetting down, stumping, sizing, cone blocking, wet blocking, stretching, pouncing, all give at least some clue as to what they are all about. The last one is not so simple. Did you ever see a cat, with paws extended, pouncing on a mouse? In this operation, the worker holds two "pouncing cloths" over the hat as it revolves under his touch. This is done to clean off the straggly hairs and smooth the body in preparation for "finishing."

Hats are stretched for a very sound reason. First, the hat is always shrunk until it is somewhat smaller than necessary. Then the stretch is "taken out." If this were not done your hat would be way

oversize a few days after you bought it. In stumping hats the old-fashioned way, the worker had to step on a foot pedal a great deal. In other words, he stamped or stumped his foot.

WHAT kind of men work in hat factories? I once took a little census of a segment of 50 of my fellow workers. I then broke up the tally into the various racial groups. Here is the score. Thirteen Polish or Slavish. Twelve Yankee. Twelve Italian. Seven Irish. Four German. One Portuguese. One French. Thus we find men with names like Gillotti and Tomanio, Mizarak and Demko working alongside others with such definitely Anglo-Saxon monickers as Lincoln, Wilson, Saunders and Fairchild. I suppose what we have here is the American melting-pot in action.

How did the expression "mad hatter" originate? The best information I have on this subject is that the thing began when a group of hatters in France were stricken with a mild form of insanity. This was later traced to the fact that they had inhaled an overdose of mercury fumes while at work. Some years later, Lewis Carroll created his famous character the Mad Hatter in *Alice in Wonderland*.

However, mercurial poisoning does not usually produce even "mild" insanity. But, if exposed to

this poison over a long period of time, the subject may develop a kind of palsy known as "Hatter's Shakes." About sixteen or seventeen years ago the use of mercury for treating hatter's fur was outlawed in the State of Connecticut. At that time it was found that peroxide, although not as effective as mercury, makes a reasonably good substitute. As a result of this important changeover, hatters now celebrate their own private holiday on December 1, which is known, logically enough, as "Mercury Day."

In the past, the hatters have had their troubles. They have had strikes, lockouts, boycotts and even a case that went before the United States Supreme Court. They have experienced hunger, want, unemployment. They have seen strike-breakers and hired goons riding cock-horse into town. In this labor conflict, or whatever it is, the hatters of Danbury definitely have had it.

But now all is comparatively quiet on the Danbury front. We get paid vacations, paid holidays and a pension plan is in the making.

There is no way of telling just what effect automation will have on the hatting industry in the future. But it is bound to have some effect, sooner or later.

Piece work speeds production but the quality of the workmanship suffers as a result of competi-

tion between the naturally fast and the slower workers. This causes dissatisfaction, complaints and buck-passing throughout the plant. Supervisor and superintendent find it difficult to place the blame or find cures for specific troubles. The quality of the end-product suffers. It is not uniform, to say the least. And when somebody goofs in a hat shop, somebody later on must make up for it by doing more work for the same money.

The cure: Put workers on a plus-minus merit system. Good mechanics (regardless of speed) to receive a small bonus plus the mean piecework rate as already established; fair or satisfactory workers to receive the full piecework rate; poor workmen to receive slightly less than the set rate.

Ratings could be arrived at by consultation between a committee representing the workers and a group representing management. These ratings should not be considered static or final. A worker could move from one class to another depending on the improved quality of his workmanship. New ratings could be given once or twice a year. This would increase the incentive of fair and poor workmen to improve the quality of their work and for good workmen to stay good and not get careless. Such an incentive is com-

pletely absent from the present plan. Supervisor instructors could be assigned to help poor workers increase their efficiency. If, at the end of a specified period, they showed no marked improvement they could be dropped from the payroll or transferred to other departments.

ALTHOUGH it is not as widespread as it was before World War II, there are still quite a few adult males who like to bare their heads to the public gaze. We also see some movie and TV shows that feature hat-less heroes. If these chaps are supposed to be heroes, we must be getting near the bottom of the barrel. Look through any old history book and see how many of our real-life heroes are pictured wearing hats. Marco Polo, Christopher Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh, George Washington all have their heads covered. Wearing hats is an old practice and a universal one. Even the American Indians wore a head-dress of feathers.

But this foolish fad has not wrecked the hat business yet and I don't think it ever will. The company I work for will soon open a new plant in South America. They already have one in Canada and two in the United States. Does this sound like the death of the hat salesman?

A politically backward community is one where they eat their farm surpluses.

—HAROLD COFFIN

IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION

PLANNED EVENTS III

By Russell Maguire

IN RECENT ISSUES we have been reviewing those individual tickings of the clock of history that so many of us tend to forget in the clatter of here-and-now. Some readers have asked if we are "trying to prove something." The answer is emphatically "No!" Only history will prove whether our nation ignored the warning signals so vital to its survival. We can merely supply the incontestable evidence. And that is all we have been doing: presenting seemingly unrelated events in many fields which confirm the enormity and complexity of the insidious pattern of the years gone by—events which, although familiar to a few of us, often were lost in memory.

Last month's review brought us through some of the events preceding World War I. Now, to test your memory of some other facts . . .

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN . . .

Bolshevist revolutionaries in Russia murdered the adults and children of the royal family, and many others, thus launching their regime in blood? *It was in 1918.*

Bernard Baruch, testifying at a Congressional inquiry, said: "I have more power than any other man in the war?" *It was in 1918.*

The Versailles Peace Conference imposed on Germany the harsh conditions that sent the nation reeling toward Communism, depression and, finally, despotism? *It was in 1919.*

The Communist International was created? *It was in 1919.*

The Communist Party in Amer-

ica was organized? *It was in 1919.*

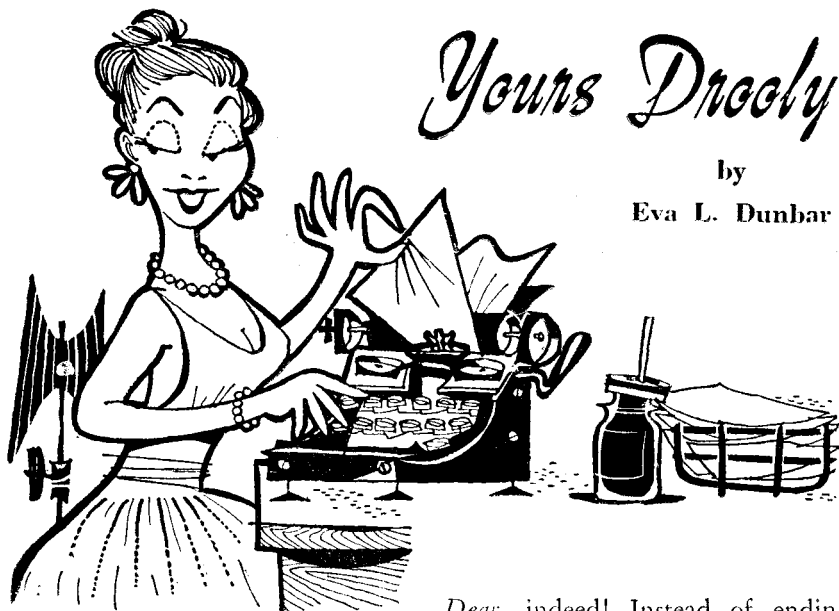
Baruch was invited to become the Soviet Union's peacetime advisor on industry and resources? *It was in 1919.*

AND, DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN . . .

Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were arrested for a hold-up killing that mushroomed into the political *cause celebre* of the era? *It was in 1920.*

The infamous Wall Street bomb explosion killed 30 persons and injured 100? *It was in 1920.*

Henry Ford, Sr., warned his countrymen in the *Dearborn Independent* of an international banking "conspiracy"? *It was in 1920.*



AT a conference we meet a man, shake his hand, repeat his name. We do not embrace him familiarly, as in typewritten form, when we take the graceless liberty of addressing any stranger as "Dear Sir." It is stupid, insincere, ridiculous!

Why can't we be realistic about our commercial correspondence? We cling to an antiquated style of business letter writing that is mossier than the Old Oaken Bucket.

In dunning an account for an overdue payment, we start out with cupid-and-violet phraseology, reminiscent of a quaint lacey valentine: "My dear Mr. Poorpay."

Dear, indeed! Instead of ending our scorching demand with a decisive sentence, we indulge in a bit of script-teasing:—"Truly yours." It would be consistent to open the letter with: "'Oh promise me' you will remit . . ."

Our shipment of nails has been delayed unaccountably. We write a reprimand to our source of supply. Then we discount the letter's import by meekly signing it: "Cordially yours," "Yours respectfully," or some other gilded politeness carried over from the breech-and-sword days.

We can be civil without being servile. Clearness, brevity and promptness make good business manners. We trespass upon a correspondent's time and credulity

when we fawn about in this saccharine way. Perhaps we should be grateful that the Dickensian robustness of "Heartily yours" and "Your obedient servant" has faded with Fagin from the scene. However, the "Dear Sirs" and "Yours very trulys" remain foolishly with us.

Have you noticed how seldom a prospective customer directs simply that a swatch of merchandise be mailed to me"? Rather, he delights to employ a sleuthing phrase that smacks of Mr. Moriarty's cunning: "Mail the same to the undersigned." (Dictators of business letters dote on promoting *same* to pronoun status.)

I CHANCED upon a short letter which seems to be a model of good taste. It was written by the late actress, Pauline Frederick. In 16 words Miss Frederick made a specific acknowledgment, paid a compliment and expressed her appreciation charmingly:

"Leamington Florists, Ltd.,
Oakland, California

THE FLOWERS YOU ARE USING
IN 'AS HUSBANDS GO' AT
THE AUDITORIUM THEATRE
ARE GORGEOUS.

ABSOLUTELY!

Pauline Frederick"

Her letter says everything—with a sparkle!

On the other hand, the following is a reprint of a rude criticism

of Gov. Orville Freeman by one of his constituents, in which he wasted no words in telling the governor what he thought of him.

"St. Paul, Minnesota

"Dear Sir:

YOU ARE A BUM.

Yours very truly,

Joe Primzell"

So conditioned are we to wallowing in this candied courtesy that we use affectionate salutations and romantic closings routinely, regardless of how scathing may be the contents of the message.

Lord Chesterfield back in 1769 signed himself in the grandiose manner: "So I am with real truth and esteem, Yours, etc." The "etc." is his! Nonsensical, ambiguous? Yes, but not more so than some of our pets: "Confirming our *verbal* conversation" takes a morning ride down thousands of mail chutes—as if we talked sometimes without words!

How faithful we are to that old annoy, shredded by centuries of service: "I am taking the liberty of advising you." Then there's the time-tattered tagline: "Awaiting your convenience in the matter." We are impatient persons. "Answer at once or else" is what we mean, but we just can't resist these flunky phrases.

To secure our patronage, merchants spend vast amounts in advertising. Therefore, how unnecessary it is to plead that our order

will be *kindly* shipped, *trust* it will be given due consideration, *hope* it will arrive in time. Pure hokum. Nor need we haul in Latin and legal phrases and spray them all with verbal perfumery. These orchidaceous say-nothings should have faded long ago into unhalloved memory, along with great grandmother's cross-stitched towel splasher.

We have passed the days of quillings on parchment scroll; forgotten are the makeshifts of earlier usage—stone, beeswaxed board, serpent skin. All these served as a medium for expression of the written word in their periods. Living today is geared to time-whittling efficiency. Wouldn't it be much more dignified to skip the "dearieing" in commercial communications and get on with the business at hand?

ONCE we become willing to dispense with our affectionate salutations, we can avoid embarrassments. Trade styles often are misleading. "Aunt Cosy's Cottage Cheesery" may be run by a brace

of hairy-chested Adams whom we affront with our "Dear Madam." Conversely, we have virile-sounding firm names where the personnel is composed exclusively of fascinating femmes. Not infrequently we civilians must address correctly Lt. Smith. Is it Syd or Sadie we are saluting?

Amusing is a note written over a century ago by Charlotte Brönte. She ended it (no doubt facetiously) "Yours insufferably." Many of our business letters today, in all seriousness, could be closed in like manner.

Firms select their stationery with care; secretaries transcribe their dictation with prayer; yet we continue to clutter commercial communications with expressions devoid of intellectual substance. These confirm Shakespeare's cynical observation of meaningless speech: "A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off!"

Let us be brave and say "Farewell, forever!" to these flowery phrases, which spread the cloak of hypocrisy over bemuddled business letters.

A young Texan, seeking employment at an aircraft plant in California, filled out the questionnaire and was then directed to Personnel for an interview with a Mr. Kane. The Texan spread out in a chair and started talking up the glories of the Lone Star State while Mr. Kane read through his application.

When the papers were laid aside, the zealous Texan leaned back and crossed his arms. "Well, when do I start?" he said.

Mr. Kane looked up. "Just as soon as you can produce your birth certificate and passport," he said softly.

—CHARLES RUFFING



The First College Cheer

by Arturo F. Gonzales, Jr.

WHEN some 50 bearded Princeton and Rutgers roughnecks booted a basketball-shaped pigskin around New Brunswick, New Jersey, on November 6, 1869, some Nassau Hall residents let fly with a throaty "Siss, boom, Ahhh!" Their manly rocket cheer still echoes today. In cheering sections from the Los Angeles Coliseum to the Yale Bowl, its Jabberwockian permutations are a part of the nation's Fall-Saturday tradition, ranging in varying degrees of sanity from "Ki-Yi-Yi" (Brown University's version of a bear's victory scream), through "Whiskum-Biskum" (Penn State), to countless "Acka-Lacka Ching's," numerous "Boomalatcha's," and endless "Ala veevo vivo vum's!"

It was not always so. Like goldfish-eating and pantie raids, foot-

ball cheering is a college custom with a genealogy and heritage of its own. For instance, prior to football's New Brunswick nativity, the little college cheering done in this country consisted of a sporadic and British Three Cheers and a Tiger, and "Oh, I say, neatly struck!" or a terse "Well played!" Only in the nation's embryonic military forces was the organized yell an accepted tradition.

U. S. Navy regulations in 1842, for example, outlined a cheering "spectacular" worthy of the Rose Bowl and disciplined enough to warm the cockles of the most devoted yell marshall's heart. At the command, "Clean yourselves!" the pig-tailed tars donned fresh uniforms; at "Lay aloft!" the crew clambered to the top-gallant masthead and the topmast crosstrees;

at "Lay out upon the yards!" they scampered like monkeys to spaced intervals along the rigging, and at "Cheer!" they took off their caps, waved and shouted as lustily as possible. Regulations defined the length of the yell with the finality of a freshman handbook. "After three cheers have been given, if the Commodore returns the same number, it must be answered by one; if he returns but one, no further notice is to be taken and the people called down." Outside of Annapolis, the Navy has no provisions for cheering today.

THE ARMY cheered, too, and an Army unit—New York's Seventh Regiment—was directly responsible for that first historic football cheer at New Brunswick. The Regiment had volleyed its rocket yell at the Princeton campus during the Civil War, while the unit was double-timing southward through the community, and the student body had taken the cry as its own. An influx of Civil War veterans to the campus after Appamattox kept the tradition of cheering flickering, and eventually the Regiment's yell emerged as the first original college cry:

"Ray, ray, ray,
Tiger, tiger, tiger,
Siss, siss, siss
Boom, boom, boom,
Ahhh!
PrinceTON, PrinceTON,
PrinceTON."

Why certain screams are called "tigers" ("Three cheers and a tiger for old Siwash!") is conjectural. Princeton men attribute it solely to the fame of their cry. Some historians, however, trace it to a Boston Light Infantry yell (the military again), vintage 1822. The outfit was encamped at Salem, and when a trooper roughly handled a local wench, she screamed "Oh, you tiger!" at him—a cry that soon became a unit rallying call. Other experts find political significance in the yell. Supposedly, S. S. Prentiss was stumping for election in 1842, and as a crowd-gathering stunt, made his speeches from atop a tiger's cage. After every burst of applause, he goaded into roaring—with a jab from a long pole—the animal beneath him.

By the middle '80's, "tigers" and other formal collegiate cheers were a regular part of Saturday afternoon festivities. Cambridge echoed to many a "Short Harvard" ("Harvard/ Rah, rah, rah/ Name of team of player") and the "Long Harvard" (same lyrics, three times as long.) Yale had purloined its novel "Brekekex, coax, coax" from the frog chorus of Aristophanes, lending a modicum of culture to the weekend pageant. And cheerleaders were beginning to appear.

No one knows the name, school, or class of the first Man With a Megaphone. In Ivy League circles, the earliest yell leaders were the players themselves. Prior to the

middle '90's, it was usually a substitute who would arise from the sideline pile of straw where the teams huddled to exhort the crowd to cry out together at crucial moments. For dramatic emphasis, perhaps an injured regular would hobble up into the stands to coax an extra decibel out of the partisans. One account of the era reports that on such an occasion, "bowlers, toppers and ladies' handkerchiefs might even be tossed on the field." By the turn of the century, however, cheerleading had been taken over by specialists, and football players, both regulars and scrubs, turned their backs with historic finality to the grandstands.

For several decades most college cheering squads consisted solely of men who *captained* the school's other teams (baseball, hockey, track, and so on). Gradually, however, mere lettermen began to infiltrate as more and more captains chose to spend Saturday afternoons in the stands with a coed. Today a cheerleader is selected because he is a tumbler, merely a Big Man on Campus, or just an average extrovert intelligent enough to conquer the full monosyllabic cheering vocabulary of "fight," "go," "rah," "yeah," "hold," "hit," "line," "back," "siss," "boom," "ahh," and grr." One historic exception to be noted: USC's first cheerleader was a frock-coated faculty professor!

With the dawn of sport's Golden Age in the Twenties, cheerleading

went big-time, just as football did, and the youths in the raccoon coats have yet to relinquish a bit of their prestige. Prior to World War II, for instance, cheerleaders had formed Gamma Sigma, a chapterless, houseless, national honorary fraternity for yell marshalls from coast to coast. Each year, with the help of sportswriters and sportscasters, the group also set out to select an 11 man, All-American cheering squad, with the winners receiving a golden pin featuring crossed megaphones.

THE MOST publicized cheering innovation of the century is the card trick made so famous by U.S.C. The origin of the act (making colored images move by having a 1,200-man cheering section hold up specially designated cards) is contested, both California and Stanford claiming authorship as well. And some Old Blues recall a similar stunt in the Yale Bowl on Dedication Day in 1914. Whatever its genealogy, it remains probably the most oooohed-and-ahhhed-over stunt in the cheering profession.

Technologically speaking, Denver University occupies another historic cheering pinnacle. With 500 miles separating the Denver students from Utah's stadium at gametime in 1954, the Denver rooting section sent their voices on a roll of tape carried in a loud-speakered truck. The resulting

electronic babble thoroughly deafened the hapless Utah fans and so demoralized the home club that two-touchdown-underdog Denver slapped a 28-20 licking on the 13-time Skyline Conference champion Utes.

No report on cheerleaders over the past three decades could be complete, of course, without reference to the coeds. Pretty young things in vestigial skirts, amply-filled sweaters and wearing baby shakos, they've burred and twirled many a Saturday afternoon away to the intense enjoyment of those fans easily distracted from the male carnage at midfield by a few well-placed curves.

Word has it from knowledgeable cheerleading circles, however, that the girls are on their way back to spectators' seats. Several major colleges (Tennessee, chief among them) have recently abandoned coed cheerleaders. A number of secondary schools concur with the decision. In the only public manifesto to date on the con-

troversial bannings, the Union High School Student Council of Redwood City, Cal., defended its anti-girl resolution with these points: 1) Girls' voices are too shrill for cheering. 2) Girls don't know the subtleties of sports well enough to lead cheers. 3) Girls can't control rooters successfully. 4) The boys want to get back into the act.

BOYS OR GIRLS, the autumn picture remains approximately the same. Against the autumn sky in hundreds of stadiums sit thousands of screeching figures. And from their lips come a host of treasured academic phrases ranging in significance from Holy Cross's liturgical "Give another Hoya and a choo-choo rah-rah" through Harvard's gastronomic "What do we eat? What do we eat? Dog meat! Dog meat!" to Yale's modest and meaningless "Choo-choo, train goes." Things have come a long way since New Brunswick.

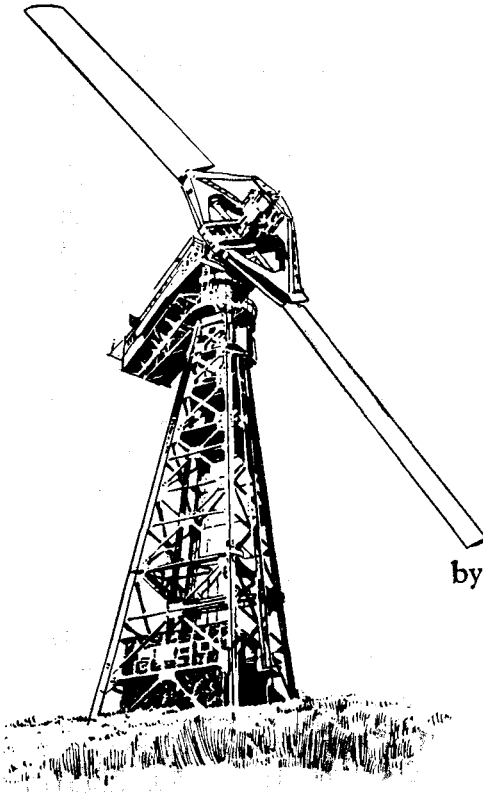
The Better Bet

Because of his interest in outside investments, Bing Crosby is always being approached by people needing backing. One man submitted blueprints for a race track with the grandstand mounted on rails. The idea was to have the grandstand move around the track along with the horses to give spectators a view of every step of the race.

Bing declined to finance the idea.

"I'm afraid," he explained to the would-be inventor, "that people might start betting on the grandstand instead of the horses."

—HY GARDNER



Harnessing the Winds

by Waldo Carlton Wright

IF BACKERS are found for an experiment conducted during World War II on a lonely hilltop in Vermont, much of our light and power may come from the winds. Scientists and engineers are still talking about a giant windmill on top of Grandpa's Knob, which in 23 days poured over 61,000 kilowatt hours of energy into the lines of the Central Vermont Public Service.

Boston engineer Palmer C. Put-

nam, intrigued by what had been done in California to combat frosts by giant blowers set in pecan and apricot orchards, teamed up with Beauchamp E. Smith of the S. Morgan Smith Company, York, Pennsylvania, in designing and building a wind turbine. Searching for a place to carry out the experiment, they found an ally in Albert A. Cree, President of the Central Vermont Public Service. Cree talked his associates into providing a location on a bare mountain top east of Lake George and building a road and transmission lines to lead off the power which the steel giant would create. He even got them to agree to take over the mill if it worked.

Imagine a steel tower as high as

an 11 story hotel and fitted with two propeller blades comparable in size to the wings of a Constellation plane. Behind these propellers is housed a generator capable of developing 1,250 kilowatts. Piece by piece, the parts were trucked up the 2,000 feet to the top of Grandpa's Knob and hoisted into place. By October 1941, it was ready for the first test.

It was soon evident that the construction needed more tinkering before it could serve a useful need. The force and the direction of the wind was far from uniform. An anemometer tower was erected to analyze the wind and transmit such information to an electronic device which in turn kept the propeller blades facing into the wind. When the velocity of the wind exceeded 70 miles an hour, it would feather the blades and slow down or even stop the mill.

Other troubles showed up. The stainless steel sheets that covered the winglike blades couldn't take the hammering of the wind, blistered and split. The uneven thrust from gusts strained bearings, broke the oil seals. The hydraulic devices for changing the pitch of the blades refused to budge in below-zero temperatures.

Little by little, the patient engineers and operating crew licked problems of excessive vibration, sticking valves and the failure of the main bearing, an incident that closed down testing for months.

Meanwhile, enthused by the possibility of dotting the hillsides with power plants which were entirely automatic in operation and for which nature furnished free fuel, President Cree picked up hundreds of options on desirable locations. This further mystified the Vermont party lines as to what was doing on Grandpa's Knob.

FINALLY on March 3, 1945, the project was pronounced ready for full scale operation. A foreman threw in the anemometer circuit. The wind turbine swung around into the wind and began to turn over. When it was up to desired RPM, circuit breakers reacted and power began to feed down to the 44,000-volt transmission line to provide the cheapest light, heat and power that had ever operated in the sovereign state of Vermont. Or any other state.

For 23 days the Putnam-Smith wind turbine functioned in a way that made history. Winds up to 70 miles an hour whirled over the giant blades. The anemometer analyzed it—its direction, horizontal and vertical components—and steered the blades into the wind with the right slant of their curved surfaces exposed.

Everyone was jubilant. Mr. Cree expanded his options. Here was one windmill which could light, heat and keep the wheels turning in a good sized town, such as nearby Rutland.

Then early one morning the foreman on duty in the generator shack was thrown off his feet as the tower swung like a whip. One of the giant blades, over 70 feet long and weighing eight tons, had yanked free and spun down the mountain side. The other propeller had slammed into one of the upright spans of the tower. The main bearing had torn loose. In short, the wind turbine was a hopeless wreck.

At this juncture, the experiment was abandoned. The Smith Company estimated it would cost \$191 a kilowatt to build another. Mr. Cree and his associates knew that they could build a comparable power plant for \$125 a kilowatt.

The British, however, heard of the experiment and gave it a try. Several wind turbines are now installed along the Welsh coast. The Australians are also considering its

feasibility. The UN Commission for Asia believes a small turbine can be built and used successfully in countries such as India where fuel is practically non-existent.

Perhaps the most significant statement regarding the mill came from Vannevar Bush, who during the war was head of Scientific Research and Development. Bush said of the Vermont experiment: "It may provide light, heat and power to regions which otherwise could not afford such service."

Some day the road to Grandpa's Knob may be the mecca for hundreds who, like those who visit Kitty Hawk to see where man first flew under power, will come to see the spot where, for the first time, man used wind to provide power—long after coal, oil and fissionable material have vanished from the earth.

An eccentric ruler of olden days told a priest that he would be asked three questions. If he failed to answer them correctly, the priest would be slain. The three questions were: How many baskets of dirt are there in yonder field? How long would it take a man to go around the world? What am I thinking about?

The priest was in despair. But his servant volunteered to answer the questions, and the following week donned the priest's robes and appeared before the king. The answers he gave were as follows:

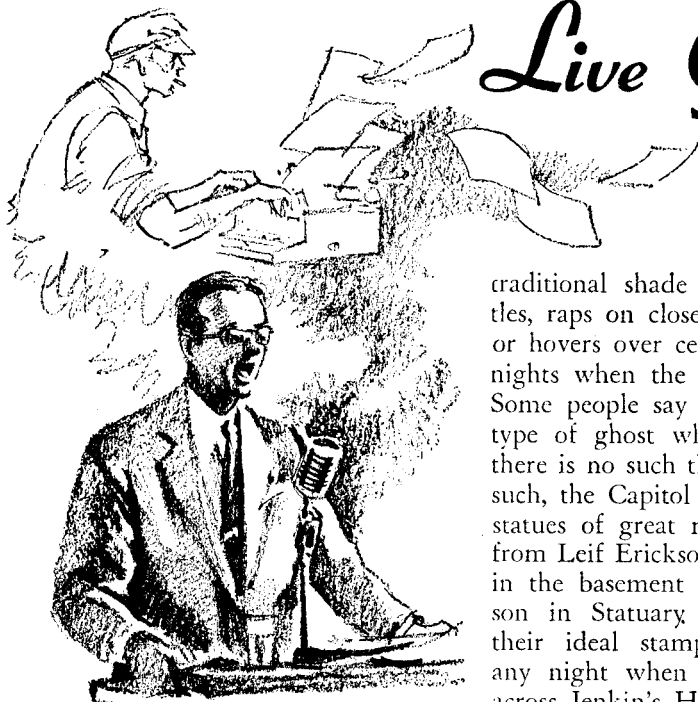
"As to how many baskets of dirt are in the hill, it depends on the size of the basket. If half as big, two baskets full; if one-third as big, three baskets full; if one-fourth, four baskets full, and so on.

"If a man gets up with the sun and travels with the sun, it will take him a day.

"You think you are talking to a priest, but you are not."

—FRANCES RODMAN

Live Ghosts



WASHINGTON, a city of sunlight and shadows, modernistic office buildings and ugly slums, beautiful shrines hallowed by tradition, local snobs and lovable ladies, is the nation's No. 1 ghost town. Its ephemeral prominence is *not* due to the fact that Washington is the home of W. W. Chambers, your friendly undertaker, who boasts through car-cards and other media that he is the largest funeral director in the world because he gives the cheapest possible burial (adv.).

The Capital's ghosts are of two kinds. One is familiar to you—the

traditional shade that haunts castles, raps on closets in old homes, or hovers over cemeteries on dark nights when the moon is hidden. Some people say they've seen this type of ghost while others claim there is no such thing. If there are such, the Capitol itself, filled with statues of great men long gone—from Leif Erickson lying forgotten in the basement to Adlai Stevenson in Statuary Hall—would be their ideal stamping ground on any night when the wind howls across Jenkin's Hill from the Virginia mountains.

In truth, only one man—Senator Henry C. Hansborough (R.-N. Dak.) is buried on Capitol Hill. His ashes were strewn beneath a tall elm (strictly illegal, but it *was* done!) on the night of November 16, 1933, after he died at 84. *His* ghost is the only one with legitimate squatter's rights around there.

The other kind of a ghost is the ghost-writer, whose number is

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in Washington

by Larston D. Farrar

legion and about whose existence there is no doubt whatever. You can even get fingerprints of one of these. The ghost-writer plies his ectoplasmic profession all over the city. There are part-time ghost-writers, free-lance ghost-writers, and ghost-writers on payrolls all over the place. If there is one thing that is more typically Washington these days than its kept women, it is its kept writers. And it is difficult for a person who is acquainted with representatives of both groups to figure out which work the hardest for the smallest rewards, or why.

It is the role of the ghost-writer to keep deathless prose flowing for the politicians, so that the politicians may create issues, so that you, dear reader, will become interested enough to listen. Once the politician can get you to stop and listen, he is like a salesman with a foot in the door. You are *hooked*! While the average politician can "get along" without expert editorial assistance (and many of them do, except around campaign time), many legislators, bureaucrats and big-business spokesmen are helpless without their ghosts around.

They are smart men, but they just played hookey from English composition in school and have lived to regret it. The ghost-writers who frequent Washington's many halls are glad of it. They are available at the split of an infinitive to help the hapless legislator who knows that he wants to say something but isn't quite sure how he can do it without putting his foot in his mouth.

THE GHOSTS who haunt Washington are a motley crew. They come in all sizes, ages, shapes and sexes. Most ghosts have become disillusioned and cynical through years of having their brains picked. They are generally middle-aged, or older, but there's a sprinkling of younger men—men who may look like babes-in-the-woods but are mentally as hard as nails. Among the ghostly ranks are boobs, geniuses, published novelists, part-time newsmen, magazine correspondents, and some old poets.

Whatever else may be said of ghost-writers, no one can accuse the average ectoplasmic worker of being uninformed or unaware. Many of them, with or without

a string of degrees after their names, are very learned men. Almost any informed Washington correspondent can rattle off the names of a dozen former ghost-writers who now are in executive positions in nationally known businesses and industries. A few ghost-writers, who started out helping Congressmen to frame a statement, now are serving in Congress themselves. Not all of the ghosts, contrary to what you may hear, are sots or spend their time playing poker at the National Press Club.

You can find spook scribblers supplying words and thoughts not only to legislators, cabinet members, political leaders, lobbyists, the President and bureaucrats, but to trade-association leaders, the men behind imposing "foundations," and just plain rich cranks who are in the Capital to assuage their personal vanity and to show how much dough they can throw away without suffering.

The ghosts who inhabit Washington will prepare—for a fee—speeches, articles, testimony for Congressional committees, fully written legislation complete with everything except the official number, or pronouncements on any subject under the sun. Some ghosts leave telltale marks in their work as big as a dinosaur's trail, and, of course, they're easy to track down. Others are more translucent and do their best to keep anonymous, knowing that the very success of

their work and the number of their satisfied clients depend upon the degree to which secrecy is maintained.

Some of the more versatile ghosts are known to write as freely and as fluently for northern "liberals" as for Southern "reactionaries." They work for cash, and don't give a damn whether their work is mangled or discarded. Others have a definite political philosophy and pride of authorship that precludes them from working for anyone who disagrees with them or deviates from their prepared texts. One such sensitive soul used to try to please Attorney General Francis Biddle, but became disgusted when Biddle injected his own words and phrases into speeches on occasion. The writer then went to work for former Senator Claude Pepper (D.-Fla.) and became even more frustrated.

MANY Capitol figures make no secret of having ghost-writers. They publicly honor their literary helpers, whenever possible. On the other hand, the average Washington headliner would no more admit to maintaining a ghost than he would to having a mistress. However much his public fame rests upon the spectral scribe hovering in the wings, the usual big shot nourishes the myth that any speech he delivers or any article he honors with his by-line is his brain-child. The most the average

politician will concede—at least to the folks back home—is that he has an assistant who “does research,” or someone who “prepares my background material.”

A ghost-writer once wrote a radio script for Senator James E. Murray (D.-Mont.), who saw it for the first time a few minutes before he went on the air. The millionaire legislator delivered the speech with a dash that surprised even the writer, waiting in the studio. “Those were just the right words,” the Senator, who is not without his own dry Western humor, commented as the two left to get a nightcap. “I certainly expressed my thoughts well tonight.”

THE amount of money ghosts make varies according to their reputations, luck, ability, and general “contacts.” Some earn as little as \$250 a month, and do secretarial work on the side for the cheap Congressman who keeps them going, while others earn as much as \$25,000 or \$50,000 a year. They range in outlook from those who feel a deep, religious mission in life to raw, unabashed cynics who have their hands out for a fast buck wherever it can be found.

The habitat of the ghost is, literally, anywhere you look. There are ghosts in the White House, trying to think up a clever reply to some Democratic jibe. There are ghosts in the bureaus, trying to win a little temporary fame for some section

chief or admiral who thinks he isn't getting a fair share of news notices. There are ghosts in every office building, and in every bar. To say that there are ghosts on Capitol Hill is carrying coals to Newcastle. Capitol Hill would go out of business without its ghosts.

Where do most Congressmen—many of whom are without “extra” incomes and are financially embarrassed most of the time—get the money to finance the ghost-writers? There are a variety of “legitimate” ways in which this is done. One obvious way is to hire a good newspaperman from back in the district to be secretary or administrative assistant (the latter job pays more than \$10,000 a year now). Another is to let some well-heeled manufacturer-constituent keep a writer in Washington as a “public-relations counsellor,” or whatnot, with the unwritten understanding that the man will be on hand when the Congressman needs him.

Another is to get some Washington newsman and put either him or his wife, or both, on the Congressional payroll. The wife, of course, can report to work a day or two a week, if she feels like it, in the same way as do lots of Congressmen's wives now on the public payroll.

When working as ghost-writers for Senators or Representatives, writers may be classified as “secretaries,” or as “investigators” for

one or the other of the various Congressional committees, or subcommittees. The Congressional Library's staff harbors some of the Capital's less-romantic ghosts, but theirs is more a labor of love than of profit. A lawmaker who isn't too anxious to regale his colleagues with anything startling may request the Library's reference division to "throw me together a speech by tomorrow noon," on a subject ranging from the glories of Oregon scenery to the price of eggs in Alabama.

The ex-newsmen and ex-novelists who aren't working for Congressmen usually find a niche for themselves in the Executive branch. Many ghosts of Cabinet members and lesser bureaucrats are buried in federal agencies as "information specialists" or as "administrative assistants," at salaries ranging from \$5,000 to \$15,000 a year. It's not unusual to telephone to an information specialist in the Department of Agriculture, Commerce, the Treasury or any department, and to be told by the young woman who answers the phone that "Mr. Blank is busy working on a speech this afternoon for the Secretary and can't be disturbed."

HAROLD ICKES, the curmudgeonish former Cabinet member, kept a closetful of ghosts in his Department of the Interior. He even made one of them Commissioner of Reclamation, and re-

warded others more lavishly. Ickes inadvertently did himself an injustice as far as his later life was concerned, for he built up, with the help of ghosts, a reputation for cleverness in repartee and pungency in writing that he failed notably to maintain after leaving office.

For years, certain insiders in Washington who have tried to keep up with the various men who did ghost-writing for divers public figures would play a little game every day. They would take the *Congressional Record*, read the speeches by the many legislators, and mark down the names of the ghost-writers whom they could recognize merely by the verbiage employed. They could find, for instance, merely by tracing certain literary giveaways, apparent in every writer's work, that one writer would be ghosting speeches for as many as five or six different legislators. They often would find, too, that one man would be playing both sides of the political fence—writing a rambunctious attack on the Democrats for a Republican "reactionary" one day and then writing the reply given by a Democratic "liberal" several days later.

By virtue of longtime occupancy, ghost-writers have as many rights in Washington as any other group. Historians say that Alexander Hamilton helped to ghost George Washington's Farewell Ad-

dress—the one that is read every February 22 in both the Senate and the House. So did James Madison, and some even say that Tom Jefferson had a hand in it.

Madison also is known to have written the famous Nullification Proclamation issued by President Andrew Jackson. Amos Kendall, of Kentucky, a brilliant and concise thinker, carved out a unique place in American annals by writing the state papers of President Jackson. Kendall, whose activities and movements were ephemeral in the extreme, seldom was seen in the White House, or even in Washington, but he was often there nevertheless. Many bigwigs who knew his duties would look for him sometimes for weeks without finding him. He would be in Jackson's study, picking the President's brain and composing some of the clearest and most readable state documents ever turned out for political purposes.

ONE American President who did his own writing, beyond peradventure, was Abraham Lincoln. His genius at governing was surpassed only by his ability to express in simple and moving words the hopes and prayers of millions of Americans. No ghost-writer ever lived who could tug at the heartstrings more effectively than "Honest Abe." Woodrow Wilson likewise wrote his own speeches, as did Herbert Hoover.

President Andrew Johnson, an unlearned man, used George Bancroft, the historian, as a ghost-writer. The original draft of a Johnson speech now is in the manuscript division of the Library of Congress, in *Bancroft's handwriting*, with only a few unimportant additions and references added in the almost-illegible scrawl of President Johnson himself.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt did more to bring "ghost-writers" into front-page prominence than any other President in American history. He kept a staff of assistants with "a passion for anonymity," all of whom, at one time or another, contributed to Roosevelt messages. And there were many gadflies who hovered on the edge of the inner circle and undoubtedly won the President's ear and pen to use this or that phrase. The roll-call of Roosevelt "ghosts" would be too long to list entirely, but prominent among the names would be those of Lowell Mellett, Samuel E. Rosenman, Harry Hopkins, Robert Sherwood, Louis Howe, Charles Michelson, Benjamin Cohen and Thomas Corcoran, Raymond Moley, Hugh Johnson, and, in the old days, even Father Coughlin himself.

The best-known of the Roosevelt "ghost-writers" was Charles Michelson ("Charlie, the Mike"), who was publicity director for the Democratic National Committee until his death. He even wrote a

best-seller about his experiences as a ghost-writer. Charlie was a gnome-like little man with a heart proportionately far larger than his thin, wiry body. He has been called a "cynic" by many, but those who knew him best realized that beneath a seemingly harsh exterior he was a man of high ideals and intrinsic tenderness and honesty.

President Truman's principal ghost was conceded to be Clark M. Clifford, a bulky, handsome and congenial young man who was catapulted into national prominence about as unexpectedly as is possible. He is now a Washington lawyer. A former St. Louis lawyer, who won rapid desk promotion in the Navy, Clifford admittedly is no genius, but he seemed to please Truman. Sam Rosenman, old White House intimate of President Roosevelt, was back at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in 1948, helping on the Truman campaign speeches.

Kevin McKann, author of *The Man From Abilene*, a laudatory biography of Dwight D. Eisenhower and formerly president of little Defiance College, Defiance, Ohio, is said to be the No. 1 Presidential ghost today.

THERE are many ghost-writers in Washington, hoping to get into the big time, who have ended up doing menial, cast-off tasks, such as working as "information officers" in the bureaus. They are of

all men most miserable. You can see the bitterness and disillusionment in their eyes as they pass out press releases in this or that agency, where they are doomed to write mediocre, dull speeches for even duller section chiefs, or sub-Cabinet officers. They once would have considered their salaries handsome, but they now know that it is just enough to keep their families from plunging over the economic precipice.

These are the "ghosts" who did not, or could not, make the right "contacts" at the right time, or did not measure up when given a chance to write for the big boys. They chose, of necessity, to qualify for some minor federal job rather than continue what seemed to be a hopeless fight upstream to something worthwhile in a highly-competitive field.

Many of Washington's ghosts graduate into big-time literary work, either going to national business associations at fancy figures, becoming topflight editors (after all, a lot of Congressmen own newspapers), becoming White House assistants, or getting connections with big business executives who virtually pension off the writers to do occasional speeches or articles for, about, or to the credit of the industry or its guiding genius.

There is no organization of ghosts in Washington. But there is no organization—in the news gath-

ering or news-dispensing or editorial field—*without* a ghost, or several of them. Technically (but only technically), the newsmen are not supposed to indulge in politicking, but it is telling no secret to say that most of them work for various emoluments—money or its equivalent—for politicians of both parties, high and low. They are merely following tradition in this, although blinking at the strict “rules” of the Senate and House Press Galleries, and the White House Correspondents’ Association, which technically prevent political side-taking for pay. Many of them would not take a side *without* pay.

GHOST-WRITING has achieved such a standing in Washington that in 1952, American University offered the first ghost-writing course ever to be given in a major U. S. institution of higher learning.

Newspapers headlined it as a sure guarantee “to a life of complete oblivion” for all who would enroll, and some 20 persons did, including several lawyers, a trade-association executive, an elementary school gymnasium teacher, and several businessmen.

The professor, Douglas Knox, who is in the Overseas Information Division of the Department of State, told his pupils that they weren’t going to be called upon often “to write great speeches—

just good speeches.” He told of a speech he had to write for an important State Department official who was returning from a month’s tour of Germany.

“The official sent word he planned to make a major address the night he returned, and he wanted a speech ready,” Knox said. “I read some of his past speeches. Of course, you couldn’t really tell if those were ghost-written, but they conformed in style (uniformly dull, no doubt), and the official must have liked them.

“And then I consulted with experts on Germany at the State Department to find out what the official had seen. I must admit I was ashamed, because he didn’t change a thing. He wouldn’t even toss in a personal touch like, ‘When I was in Frankfurt, I saw . . .’”

But Knox was heartening. He said: “My philosophy is, don’t ask any one to indulge a minute of his time in something that can’t be justified. Make difficult things simple, and don’t try to be impressive.”

The biggest single responsibility of the ghost, he said, is “to protect your speaker.”

He averred that it is a horrible thing for a high public official to read a “ghosted speech” and not be able to answer all the questions that he may receive afterwards. He warned that ghosts must let the clients know what’s behind the speech.

PERHAPS he had in mind two incidents that happened several years ago. One of these involved the late Secretary of Labor, Lewis B. Schwellenbach, who spoke on foreign policy before a swank New York gathering. On the same program, Dr. Isadore Lubin, U. S. Adviser to the United Nations, also was scheduled to speak. Both men called the Department of State for a speech, and it was duly delivered, in both cases.

When Lubin arose to speak, Schwellenbach seemed to pale noticeably. The longer Lubin expounded, the more uncomfortable Schwellenbach became. When it came time for him to deliver *his* speech, the Secretary of Labor arose and confessed, rather lamely, that he had the same speech as the one Lubin had just delivered.

"If they had given me just five minutes' warning," Schwellenbach told smiling reporters later. "I'd have been able to improvise something to say. But I just didn't have it."

Only a few months before, two Congressmen won front-page notice—much to their regret—by delivering, at different times on the same day, the same ghost-written speech in Congress.

The "ghost," a lobbyist, had trouble explaining the mix-up the next day. He said that he had left a copy of the remarks with one Congressman, but had been led to believe that the legislator

couldn't make the speech. So, on meeting an even closer friend among the legislators, the "ghost" asked this acquaintance to read the message into the *Record*. That worthy hurried to the House floor to comply. Meantime, the first Congressman had decided to make the speech too, and did so, not having heard his colleague's speech.

Getting his signals mixed is only one of a political or business ghost-writer's problems. He may worry about whether or not the bigwig who delivers the speech will emphasize the important points, at the right time, and will observe the punctuation marks with appropriate pauses. One ghost-writer, new to the ways of ignorant politicians, was amazed one day to deliver a speech to a Senator who had put in a hurry call for a "learned discussion of the Constitution." When the Senator, looking the speech over, saw a quotation from the *Federalist* papers, perhaps the most important set of writings ever penned on the Constitution, the solon looked up suspiciously and asked:

"What's this *Federalist* you're quoting? Is that published in Washington?"

The "areas of ignorance" in our society, about which so many educators rail at times, are nowhere more apparent than among the big shots in the Government, who are *expected* to know—but many times do not know—the bases of

our freedoms and the underpinnings of our representative government. That's one reason why so many ghost-writers go around at times looking as if they themselves had just seen an apparition!

A knowledgeable ghost-writer—whether one of them is “good” or “bad,” from the standpoint of the effectiveness of his words depends upon your political outlook, of course—of either party, or of the “left wing” or the “right wing”—soon learns certain basic facts about politicians that other, more normal Americans, perhaps never learn.

FOR ONE THING, a ghost learns that nothing is what it *is* in this country's politics, but *what it's called*. Whether a politician, in his personal life, is a sot, a crook, a perennial wastrel or a dope is not important, insofar as the propagandist is concerned. What *is* important is what the public thinks about this politician. And if the politician is called a “man of sterling integrity,” “a man of great talents,” “a man of the people,” often enough, and this idea becomes general enough, then the politician is “in.” He generally stays in, too, as long as he remembers that things are not what they are, but what they are called.

If his party calls a tax-cut the “Liberal” thing to do, he must remind his ghost-writer to label the tax-cut, in the next speech, “the

Liberal viewpoint on taxes.” If his party wants to collect “Conservative” support, for one reason or another, in an off-season, he might warn his ghost-writer to call the proposal “the Conservative thing to do on taxes.” A politician must be able to be both a liberal and a conservative, at the same time, but he must use these words in ways that will forward his ambitions, and those of his fellow-word-throwers, at all times.

On the *finesse* with which the words are put out—how they sound to the people—may depend the rise and fall of a politician, or of his party. The reality has very little to do with the words used. They are all symbols, which have been built into the minds of the people, originating only God knows where, but usually from long conditioning by reading one set of viewpoints.

If a politician is an irascible old fool—and there have been plenty of them—the ghosts around him must not let the public know how cantankerous he is. Whenever pictures are made, he must be smiling. Whenever a speech is to be made—even an “extemporaneous” one—he must rehearse the words he will speak over and over, striving to give tone and quality to his overworked vocal cords.

With some politicians, it is wisest, considering their home territories and their party alignments, to be considered “conservatives.”

They make it a point to use this word, or words that connote the conservative view, in speech after speech. True, they may vote for every outlandish appropriation possible to name or imagine. But it makes no difference. At best, no more than 100,000 people ever see a *Congressional Record*, much less read it regularly.

Ghost-writers soon learn that the two-party fiction is meaningless, to professional politicians of either party. They realize that *attitudes* are more important than actions, in the eyes of the "peepul." So they constantly are looking for words, phrases, sentences, paragraphs that will create a personality, whether the politician has one or not. The shadow—*i.e.*, the personality created for public consumption—is far more vital, for purposes of victory, than the reality, *i.e.*, what the politician really is, and what he does when he votes on matters of intrinsic importance to millions of Americans.

MANY TIMES, Washington newsmen get a letter from one of the ghosts along with a copy of the Senatorial speech they are supposed to write about. Last year, for instance, Stanley R. Fike, Administrative Assistant to Senator Stuart Symington (D.-Mo.), sent out a letter with a copy of a speech Symington was to make before the Mexico (Mo.) Chamber of Commerce.

"Based on my 23 years' experience in newspaper work, I believe you will find it both informative and interesting," Fike wrote. This was almost saying: "Based on my 23 years' experience in newspaper work, I've written a speech for Senator Symington that you ought to give plenty of notice!"

Incidentally, if a Washington reporter wanted to do nothing else, he could spend most of every day just reading mimeographed speeches sent to him by Congressmen, Cabinet members or sub-Cabinet members, or copies of testimony being given before Congressional committees by prominent businessmen. There may be only *one* Cabinet speaker in your neck of the woods this year. Or there may be only several Congressmen. But if there were any way to keep up with *all* the speeches made by Washington politicians, to all the various and varied groups of America, you would find for sure that the total would run into the thousands over a period of a year.

A typical speech of a high federal official would be one on "Education and Government," given by Commissioner of Education Samuel M. Brownell before the Grove City (Pa.) Chamber of Commerce last November. This speech ran to 23 double-spaced mimeographed pages, or some 4,000 words, in which, for all practical purposes, Brownell said noth-

ing more than that the educational situation is far from what it should be in this country, although better than a lot of people think it is. Often a reporter has to read an awful lot of these speeches to find even one sentence that will make "news," or even sense.

Except for several men in the House and perhaps a dozen in the Senate, there are very few national legislators who are even half-way literate when they speak extemporaneously. This is especially true when the pending bill is one that is highly technical in content and on which there is great division of thought out in the country. The legislator no more would get up and give his judgment of it, without a lot of "ahems," "arrumphs," and "haws," and hedging and filling all over the place, than he would think of posing in the nude.

An interviewer once asked a Congressman where ghost-writers came from.

"I don't have the faintest idea," the legislator answered. "But I have observed that every time they dredge the Potomac River, or try to purify it, I see more ghost-writers on Capitol Hill."

But ghosts aren't *that* bad. Some of them are quite respectable and occasionally you find one you trust enough to let take your day's receipts to the bank for deposit.

A lot of the most prolific Washington ghosts usually do not even headquarter in the capital city, al-

though knowing persons see them around the Capitol Building, the Hay-Adams, the Sheraton-Carlton, or other swank hotels, all during a Congressional session. These high-paid ghosts do *not* wear badges, or labels, on their lapels. You have to know them personally to recognize them. A lot of them are lawyers, who know something (and somebody!) besides their *ipso factos* and their *habeus corpuses*. They studied Disraeli, as well as Gladstone, and gained knowledge about the importance of words, in law as it is practiced on the highest, or most lucrative, levels.

SEVERAL ghost-writers have distinguished themselves in the annals of their profession by actually writing for Presidential candidates of both parties. Stanley High, a senior editor for *Reader's Digest*, wrote for F. D. R. in '36. He was around the White House a while after that campaign, but in 1940, 1944, 1948 and 1952, he was on the top speech-writing staff of the Republican candidate. J. Franklin Carter, who writes a syndicated newspaper column under the pen name of Jay Franklin, and has done some good fiction work, too, for years was noted as a New Deal ghost. He himself worked for the Department of Agriculture in early New Deal days. Then he turned up on Eisenhower's campaign train in '52, doing speeches for the Republican candidate.



London Drinks *Coffee*

by Leo Hamalian

THE AMERICAN, who had just returned from a stay in London, spoke with unrestrained enthusiasm: "I was taking a walk in Park Lane," he said, "thinking to myself, 'Boy, what I'd give for a good cup of coffee!' I saw this place called 'The Moka,' done in the tropical manner, so I went in. I picked up a menu and noticed that coffee was their specialty. And it was terrific! Real coffee! The place is called a coffee-bar. They serve side dishes of iced melon, pineapple salad and ice cream, too."

Talk to any American recently back from London and he'll tell you the same thing: since the advent of the coffee-bar, it is no longer necessary to cart a thermos bottle overseas. It is not only the coffee-crazy American who approves so heartily of these "java

joints," as he affectionately has nicknamed them, but also many a true-born, tea-drinking Englishman, first with surprise and then with delight, has watched the coffee-bar develop into one of the most popular institutions in London.

Started as a small-scale enterprise in the bohemian Soho quarter of town, the espresso emporium now threatens to eclipse the position of the pub and the tea room as the Londoner's favorite place of congregation. Furthermore, the side-effects of its popularity have produced exciting changes in the world of interior decor. Seldom has a change in the conservative catering trade caused such commotion in London.

The coffee-bar has little in common with the traditional coffee-house where Samuel Johnson and

John Dryden held court in the 18th century. The modern coffee-bar is likely to be an exotic-looking, imaginatively-appointed establishment where from 18 to 80 patrons may pay the equivalent of 15 to 20 cents (both figures depend upon the size and swankiness of the bar) for the privilege of sitting before, conversing over, contemplating beyond, and eventually consuming a darkly-strong, piping-hot, soul-satisfying brew. It is concocted from the almost charred Brazilian or Kenya coffee bean in an Italian machine, and served by quick-handed waitresses.

In the hundred or more places—opinion varies as to the number—which have sprung spectacularly into success during the past five years, the espresso machine (if you happen to be a stickler for detail, usually the Achille Gaggia, which works without steam or compressor) will spout two cups of the lovely liquid every 30 seconds.

On a busy day, a single spout will dispense more than 2,000 cups. Londoners have taken to the Italian style of coffee with such delight that the British importation of 60-kilo bags of coffee has gone up 50,000 in the last year. No one has been more surprised by this coffee-craze than the pioneers who introduced the espresso machine into the country.

The normal London operator of the small refreshment house would have nothing to do with

the machine at first, and after the Milan dentist, Dr. Pino Riservato, had set up a company to import the new machine, the first few bars were opened to the public by venturesome newcomers, or what the British call "the catering free-lances." With the outlay fairly cheap and the profits high, a mass of new recruits and new ideas were brought into what is traditionally one of the most conservative industries in Great Britain.

FROM the very beginning, the success of the coffee bar was phenomenal. In the London of 1945-1952, there were few places where younger people could go for an inexpensive date. Furthermore, many of these young people, indifferent to American coke and perhaps bored with the traditional tea and the terrible coffee they had hitherto known, were ripe for new experiences of the palate. The coffee-bar apparently offered them what they were looking for.

For all this, the Londoner must be thankful not only to the enterprising Dr. Riservato, but also to the handful of designers who evolved the decorations of the first coffee-bars. It is to them that the coffee-bar movement owes much of its attraction. With remarkable perception, they found something exactly suited to the mood of post-war England. There was greenery and lushness and warmth, and emphasis in the decor of the dishes

on places like Italy and Mexico. There has occurred one of those inexplicable shifts of national taste from the New World back to the Old and the espresso bars have been cashing in on it.

In bringing coffee and color to London, these establishments have succeeded in popularizing a new style of decoration on a scale that even the recent Festival of Britain had failed to achieve. But perhaps the most interesting thing is that the styles are not uniform. They vary, as do the bars themselves. In Soho, where the movement began, inevitably it is Italy.

At the Riservato, the sole agents for the Milan-manufactured Riservato machine, there is alongside the coffee-bar a showroom where these products of Italian industrial ingenuity are displayed to the curious. Hampstead seems to have a tendency towards Spanish influence, and the north of Oxford Street towards France. The La Chaumerie, facing Hyde Park, is modelled after a small Brittany home. But the real cosmopolis of the coffee-bars is Knightsbridge, a solid section of the city. There, 18 or 80 to the bar, the Englishman may drink his espresso in surroundings reminiscent of Cuba, of Arabia, or even of China, while the cash-register clicks cheerfully.

Many of the operators of these

bars say that tea is on its way out, and before long, will be in second place among London's favorite hot beverages. Some coffee places do not even bother to serve tea. In the estimation of these proprietors, the movement has not gained full momentum yet, but C. L. Hermann, the director of Mecca Ltd., an organization which has been operating cafes, restaurants and hotels for 70 years, says: "The coffee-bars are certainly very busy, and are making considerable profit even with a small seating capacity. Their chief attraction is in the making of an individual cup of coffee. Without question, the novelty will pass and we may come to regard the coffee-bar movement as little more than a fad."

CERTAINLY coffee has not been indispensable to the British in the past, even though they were drinking it long before it became a national beverage in the United States. During the age of Queen Anne, the coffee-house became famous as the center of gossip, gambling, political discussions. Wills Coffee House, which stood at the corner of Bow and Russell Streets in Covent Garden, was the resort of the wits and literary men of the day. However, the distance between the two is the distance between the 18th and 20th centuries.

Why Fuses Blow

by
J. H. Van Aernam



THERE isn't a driver of an automobile who doesn't agree that our highways have not kept pace with increased traffic. It is possible that within the homes of these same persons there exists a similar condition in the electrical wiring system. The occupants may be unaware of this condition and therefore not understand the sluggishness of the toaster, the dimming of lights and other symptoms indicating that something is wrong. Or if these warning signals do have a meaning, they may have decided to take a chance. In either case, time will aggravate, not improve conditions. The next purchase might be the appliance that breaks the wiring's back.

At the turn of the century, builders of roads never imagined that the buggy with the attached gasoline motor would some day grow up into high-powered trucks, busses and speedy pleasure cars. You can easily imagine what traf-

fic would be like today on those early roads if the engineer had not stepped in and planned wider and better highways. Constantly, our highway system is being improved, but it still lags behind the modern requirements of increased traffic and safety.

This situation is somewhat similar to electrical wiring. Wires are the roadways of electricity. There are thick wires that correspond to broad highways, and there are small wires that are nothing more than dirt roads—too narrow for today's electrical traffic.

When electrical service was first sampled and found good, no one ever dreamed that the appliances and lighting we have today would be used, so small roadways for light traffic were installed—both inside the house and those leading to the house.

Today, new homes are better wired. There is a three-lane highway leading into the home. There

are more and larger roadways within the walls of the house. Yet these houses are wired for today's requirements. How about five . . . ten . . . 15 years from now?

Records show that since World War II, billions of dollars have been and are being spent by power plants. They are adding new and enlarging old distributing points, called substations. They are building new lines. This expansion program is under way to meet the ever-increasing demand for more and more power. Is all this taking place for just the new homes or those built within the last ten years? Of course not. The dishwasher, dryer, television set and all other gadgets are going into the old homes just as fast as into new homes.

The question arises what about the wiring in these old homes, 15, 20, 30 years old. How does one know if the wiring is OK for this extra traffic? The answer is the lowly fuse.

BACK in the late 1870's when Thomas Edison was putting together for the first time the various parts of an electrical system for the generation and distribution of electricity, he developed a practical dynamo—a complete wiring system—a meter, fixtures, sockets, switches and other gadgets permitting a householder to make practical use of the new lamp he had just invented.

He also knew that something was necessary to shut off the flow of electricity in case of a short circuit caused by two wires touching or in case the traffic over the wires became too heavy. In both cases the wires became hot and that was not good. So he invented the fuse.

The purpose of the fuse remains the same after 75 years. Likewise, the fundamentals of the fuse itself. The small, inexpensive, almost insignificant fuse has in it a metal. Sort of a temporary bridge over which the electricity flows. When something goes wrong, like a defective appliance cord, or heavy traffic gets jammed up on small roadways, the metal in the fuse gets hot and melts. The bridge is destroyed and electricity stops flowing. In common language, the fuse "blows."

This blowing of fuses is regarded as a nuisance. To remove the nuisance, it is general practice to put in a larger fuse, or, too often, a penny. The next time you have the urge to substitute a penny for a fuse, look at it carefully. It reads—"In God We Trust."

The larger fuse, or a penny, does remove the nuisance. It also removes the protection to your wiring system, your appliances—perhaps your home.

Tampering with fuses is no modern day habit. It has been going on for years. It has now reached a critical point because of the large number of appliances in

use. Traffic is way beyond the safe limits for which the now out-of-date, out-of-sight, and out-of-mind wiring was originally planned and installed.

If you have only two wires leading into your home, you should be most interested. Those two wires are the main highway. The fuses, like policemen, standing guard over that highway, are the main fuses. Also, a fuse is constantly watching over each branch roadway that winds through the walls to the various rooms in your home. This is the branch fuse. Some houses have only two roadways.

The fuses that protect your branch roads are not all the same, although they may look alike. The difference is in the thickness of the metal in the fuse. The smaller the wire to be protected, the thinner the metal and the quicker it will melt. Otherwise, for small wires the metal would not melt soon enough, and the wires themselves would get hot.

FOR MANY YEARS, almost all houses were wired with small wires known in the electrical trade as No. 14. (Like thread, the smaller the number, the larger the wire.) Twenty-six years ago engineers, experts, and specialists who write the National Electrical Safety Code—the rule book of safety for electricians—amended the code. Recognizing that No. 14 wire was too thin and skimpy for

the efficient operation of the toaster, coffee maker, waffle iron, garbage grinder, hand iron and other appliances used in the laundry, kitchen, dining room and breakfast room, they required larger wire, No. 12, to be installed in those rooms. It was a good move for homes built after 1940. This larger roadway could now take heavier traffic. But what about the houses wired before that date? Again the fuse is the answer.

If in those houses the right size fuse is on guard and it does not blow, traffic conditions must be OK. It is also likely that in many homes the roadways have been modernized to catch up with present day traffic. It is also possible that an oversized fuse or an unsafe substitute is in use and everything appears OK on the surface.

And what is the right size fuse? There is a different fuse for each wire size. Size 15 fuse goes with No. 14 wire. Fuse 20 with No. 12 wire. Fuse 30 for No. 10 wire. Put a 15 fuse on No. 12 wire and it will likely blow when a toaster and coffee maker are plugged in. Put a 20 fuse on No. 14 wire and it may never blow. Wrong application in both cases.

Now let's discuss electrical traffic that passes over the main highway and branch roadways. This traffic is expressed in watts. Twenty-four hundred watts is heavier traffic than 1,800 watts, and a wire designed to safely carry only 1,800

watts should not be expected to carry 2,400 watts. The fuse metal melts to prevent that carelessness. Suppose we set up a traffic schedule for the wiring system, showing the maximum number of watts that one roadway can safely carry and the size of the fuse to be selected to maintain that safety. In other words, how much traffic can safely flow over a roadway before a policeman (the fuse) interrupts the traffic?

<i>Traffic watts*</i>	<i>Roadway size of wire</i>	<i>Policeman fuse</i>
1800	14	15
2400	12	20
3600	10	30
6000	8	50
7200	6	60

**Based on home service
at 120 volts.*

The watts referred to are what light the lamps, preserve, prepare and cook your food, heat and cool your house, do the cleaning and the laundry, keep time, television, blankets, frying pan, toaster . . . and so on down a long list. Here are just a few:

<i>Appliance</i>	<i>Watts</i>
Television	280
Clothes dryer	4,800
*Toaster	1,000
*Iron	1,000
Vacuum cleaner	315
Mixer	120
Dishwasher	300

<i>Appliance</i>	<i>Watts</i>
Refrigerator	150
Ventilating fan	85
*Room heater	1,000
Radio	50
Automatic washer	230
Garbage grinder	330
Frying pan	1,000

**The watts in today's appliances are double those of early design for faster heating.*

NOT so long ago, the electric traffic in homes was not very heavy. Two branch roadways took care of 1,800 watts each, so "Policeman 15" had a pretty soft job guarding roadways No. 14. Since then appliances and lighting have been added for easier housekeeping. If a number of these appliances on one of those old No. 14 roadways are operating *at one time* and traffic gets above 1,800 watts—p-sst—and the fuse 15 metal melts before the wires in the walls get hot . . . a warning signal that the traffic on that narrow roadway is too heavy.

If the main highway is an old one—just two wires and likely No. 10 wire, it may be too small for the increased traffic inside the house. In that case, the heavier metal of the main fuse 30 will melt and the whole house goes into darkness. Don't curse the fuse. Thank it for the tip-off that you'd better look for an electrician to put your wiring in order if you're going to enjoy electrical living.

What will the electrician do? He'll first ask you a lot of questions about how many appliances you have and where you use them. How many appliances you hope to own in the future—be optimistic in answering this one. He will then figure out how many additional No. 12 roadways you'll need in the kitchen and laundry. If you have a No. 14 roadway in the dining room or breakfast room, he will likely discard it and run a new No. 12 roadway to these rooms. How many additional roadways you'll need in other parts of the home is your decision. Maybe for cooking, heating water, summer air conditioning, clothes drying—in which case many roadways of different sizes are needed. By adding new roadways, he'll take some traffic off the old ones and leave them to be used just as they are at present.

If your fuse box is in the basement, he may leave it and add another, or combine the new roadways and old roadways into a new big fuse box. These new branch roads will create a new main highway leading into the home. It will be three lanes. Be sure it is ample.

The last half-century has seen a domestic revolution. Electri-

cal appliances have changed the living habits of every family. Since 1930, wired homes have doubled—but the appliances within these homes have skyrocketed. During that period, the use of electricity in many residences has multiplied more than five times. Twenty-five years ago there were 19 home appliances available. Today there are 56—and the end is not in sight.

HOW MANY of these appliances you may be using ten years from now presents quite a problem for the family living in an old house. It may be more than a pocketbook problem. It could be a wiring problem.

With crossed fingers, here's a forecast. Within ten years the completely electrified home may need a three-lane thruway of No. 2 wires with husky policemen, size 200 fuses, standing guard over more than 20 roadways inside the home.

The gap between two pairs of wires that once served you and the possible 20 that you may need seems wide. But from a frugal use of electric service to present-day comforts of electrical living is also a wide gap. A gap that has been covered so far with a hop and a skip. A big jump is in the making.

A four-year-old lass in Milwaukee, when asked to name the days of the week, started off as follows:

"Monday, Tuesday, Disney . . ."



Money Made Mysterious . . .

By PAUL STEVENS

ACTUALLY, nothing could be easier to understand than money. One of the most ancient and uncomplicated inventions of man, it was born of necessity to serve a simple purpose. Yet over the centuries, it has been made the subject of more confused thought than any other thing in history. This confusion about money is more valuable to the "money changers" than money itself.

In the simplest sense, Webster defines money as "anything customarily used as a medium of exchange and measure of value, as sheep, wampum, copper rings, quills of salt, or of gold dust, shovel blades, etc."

While many things (including paper) have been used as mediums of exchange, the founder of the city of Babel, Nimrod, caused gold to be established as the "measure of value." Some 1,500 years later, Nebuchadnezzar established the "Gold Standard" when he succeeded his father on the throne of the Babylonian Empire in 604 B.C.

The Babylonian temples were built to worship false gods. Within the temples were strong rooms pre-

sided over by religious racketeers (later to be called international bankers). They exhorted the people to bring gold and other precious items to the strong room for safekeeping. Customers were handed little clay tablets as receipts (paper had not yet been invented).

The people paid 20 percent interest to the money changers for guarding their gold. Since it was inconvenient for people to "go to the bank" for every transaction involving the use of gold, the clay tablets began circulating as a "medium of exchange." Since the tablets were backed by gold supposedly deposited in the local "Fort Knox," nobody questioned the use of clay instead of gold.

But the money changers who had the strong room made a startling and history-shaking discovery: People seldom called for their stored gold. Less than ten percent of the total was ever called for at a single time. Therefore clay tablets, representing *ten times the amount of gold on hand, could be issued* and no one but the bankers would be the wiser. The

banker could loan out ten times the amount of his deposits and remain solvent. So, instead of making 20 cents on each dollar on hand, he could issue *credit money* and make ten times 20 cents on each dollar—or two dollars profit for each dollar actually deposited in the bank.

When each of the 200 little kingdoms or states in the ancient world began issuing its own gold and silver coins or currency, money-exchanging became another fantastic source of easy revenue.

During the time of Christ, the Pharisees, the religious racketeers, had decreed:

1) That only in The Temple in Jerusalem could people worship Jehovah.

2) These “money changers” then required that no one could enter The Temple unless they first made a contribution to Jehovah.

They further designated that “shekels” be the *only official religious money*.

The religious racketeers flagrantly cheated the people as they exchanged shekels (which were practically worthless) for so many coins of gold or silver. Whenever the money changers ran out of shekels, they would go into The Temple and unlock the boxes into which the shekels had been dropped. These coins they would take and resell to others. In this manner, the money changers became the richest and most powerful people of their day. Kings and others had to borrow from them on exorbitant terms.

The money changers that Jesus drove out of The Temple were the forerunners of today’s International Bankers. In the next issue, the *MERCURY* will present the facts regarding the history of money and credit in America.

Sometimes, because of technical difficulties, a radio announcer can’t always be at the best vantage point for an outdoor event. During a military parade, one radio reporter who was actually four or five blocks away from the procession, tried to convince his listeners that he was much closer. As Army tanks rumbled down the street, a trolley passed directly below him and the fellow got an inspiration.

“And now, ladies and gentlemen, one of Uncle Sam’s mighty General Sherman tanks is passing and I will point our mike down the street so you can hear the terrific rumbling of this piece of scientific engineering.”

With the aid of the volume control on the mike, the sound of the streetcar rumbling past really sounded convincing—until the motorman tramped repeatedly on his signal bell.—From *Your Slip Is Showing*, by

KERMIT SCHAFER, published by Grayson Publishing Corp.



The Facts *about* Safety Belts

by Bruce F. Andreas, M.D.

THE POWERFUL CAR swerved wildly on the wet country road and crashed. The occupants were brought to me. They were dead—needlessly dead. From experience I knew that with certain precautions they might have crashed and lived.

Who am I to say this? I'm autopsy surgeon to the coroner, a specialist in pathology, deputized by the state to investigate causes of death. I see these accident victims day after day, and in repetition lies an answer.

I'm going to tell you exactly how 38,000 Americans died such unnecessary deaths last year and how their deaths might have been prevented. I'm going to tell you how you can save your own life, and the lives of our children, and how you can avert crippling injury. I'm *not* going to tell you about cutting down accidents.

Don't think it can't happen to you. There are 100 Americans living today who will be dead tomorrow because they thought just that. In the same 24 hour period 3,400

others will be injured, one every 25 seconds around the clock. Placed end to end in their hospital beds those injured yearly would reach from Canada well into Mexico, or from Boston to Miami Beach. Those killed by autos in the last 35 years comprise a larger group than the present populations of Wyoming, Vermont, Delaware, and Nevada combined. Some of you will have contributed to these figures within a year of reading this. You can protect yourself if you know how.

First let's clear our thinking and acknowledge that accident prevention per se is not the whole answer. Human nature, mechanical failure, environmental conditions will always produce *some* accidents. In 1954 they produced nine and one-half million of them, one for every six cars on the road! This, in spite of all our preventive efforts. We must find another approach.

"But," you may ask, "what other approach is there? Can we reduce deaths without reducing accidents?"

The answer is an emphatic "Yes, we can!" People die from injuries, not from accidents. And we can fight the problem directly at that level.

Where do we start?

First, study cases and statistics, break down injuries into groups.

Then, determine the mechanism of injury in each group.

Finally, eliminate or counteract the offending mechanism.

GROUPING the injuries is no longer a problem. Recent medical journals contain numerous accurate articles which categorize and discuss these injuries. These studies reveal that a remarkable majority of the fatalities are due to injuries to the head or chest. This implies damage to either brain, spinal cord, heart, lungs, or great vessels. Indeed, one eminent neurosurgeon has estimated that as high as 70 per cent of the deaths can be attributed to injuries to the head.

Death knows many forms. Why then, you may wonder, should such a select few appear so consistently?

There are two reasons. The first is that when it comes to minute-to-minute maintenance of life these parts are extremely vital. Injury to the brain and spinal cord affects the entire nervous system, often resulting in irreversible coma or respiratory paralysis. Laceration of the heart or great vessels causes

fatal hemorrhage almost instantly. Trauma to the lungs may suppress breathing and result in rapid death. Generally injuries elsewhere can be withstood until aid is obtained.

The second reason is that these are the areas most exposed to injury in today's vehicles. This physical exposure coupled with the physiologic importance of these organ systems results in the high mortality rates we are anxious to reduce.

Having seen what type of injuries are most common we must now learn how they occur, and how they can be prevented.

Imagine yourself driving into a concrete wall at 50 miles per hour. When the car strikes, you fly on at that same speed until halted by the rigid dashboard or some other object. The injury itself is caused both by the object which you strike, and by the force with which you strike it, in this case your uncontrolled motion.

If we can keep you in your seat, keep your head away from the killing windshield and dash, we have made a big step toward saving your life. You may claim this won't work. I'll substantiate my point with cases.

It was mid-winter as a heavy car surged up the icy state highway toward our maternity hospital. Within were an expectant mother, her driver, and an older couple. A mile ahead a small sport car

cruised toward them. Its two occupants were strapped into their seats with new canvas seat belts, similar to those used in airplanes.

As the two cars drew together one skidded into the opposite lane. They collided head on. The young mother was hurled forward and died with a fractured skull and a huge, infanticidal rent in her pregnant abdomen. Her driver's chest was fatally crushed by the steering column. The two older passengers were seriously, but not fatally, injured.

The two men in the sport car, however, climbed from the wreckage with only lacerations. Their seat belts had held them firmly in place, and away from the killing dash. They were bruised and shaken, but walking.

In this tragic instance two vehicles underwent similar decelerative forces. The comparative trauma to those riding within is our lesson.

Or compare these two cases. Although unrelated, they are almost identical, except in outcome.

In both cases a fast-moving vehicle suddenly stopped and was struck from the rear by the victim's car. In both cases damage sustained was severe.

In the one car the driver was thrown against the steering post and critically injured, while a passenger struck the dashboard and died instantly with a crushed chest.

The other car was driven by a young intern's wife whom I had

heard ridicule the new belts a week before. Today she had fastened them. When the car skidded helplessly on the wet pavement she braced for the collision but was held in her seat by the belt. She received only a small scratch on the lip and states that the belt most probably saved her life, certainly prevented serious injury.

UNCONTROLLED motion is again the villain in other types of injuries. We've all heard of cases in which a slowly moving car skids helplessly into another object, catapulting a passenger through the easily-opened door onto the merciless concrete. These freak accidents happen with the best of drivers, and fractured skulls are a frequent result.

Stronger door latches are one answer which manufacturers are investigating. Seat belts are another.

Although head injuries are perhaps most common in riders, chest injuries are the greatest killer among drivers. In a recent survey of 23 consecutive drivers autopsied in our county, 16 had received fatal injuries to the chest, either alone or coupled with other trauma.

These stories are always the same. The car strikes some immovable object, the driver is hurled toward the steering post, which suddenly has become a merciless ram waiting to batter his unprotected ribs and crush the life

from his heart. If he braces against the wheel it most probably snaps with the same result. Crushed chest, punctured lungs, ruptured heart, are injuries for which we doctors can usually do little.

Steering mechanisms have been suggested which will prevent this, that will give slowly, or partially collapse, to take up the impact. But you won't find them on today's standard models. Safety still remains a luxury in this respect.

Another prominent group of fatal and disabling injuries are the "whiplash injuries" to the neck. These occur when your car is struck from behind. The sudden jolt snaps your head back and perhaps forward again like a cracked whip. Chances are that your spine will be bent so sharply that the bones will compress or sever the soft spinal cord, causing permanent damage to its component nerves. The result is paralysis of the arms, legs, and everything below this point, possibly including fatal paralysis of the muscles of respiration. Once severed, no surgical or medical procedure can induce the lacerated ends to grow together again.

Prevention of such injuries is simple. The necessity of posterior support for the head was recognized long ago by builders of aircraft. Yet nothing has been done to handle this problem in our equally dangerous vehicles that stay on the ground.

FOR A FEW more pointers let's look at that wild neighbor kid who built his own "hot rod." He races at the speedway and is the last person you'd have thought of in connection with safety. Actually his car is safer than yours and has safety features which you can't buy on the market.

Watch him get in. He straps himself solidly into a well-stuffed, bucket-type seat, and is confronted by a padded leather interior. The chrome levers and knobs, those veritable bayonets which innocently leer from your own dash, have been removed or recessed in the padding. Over his head, running down to the frame, are strong steel crash bars, which will support the car if it rolls, keeping it from crushing in on him.

He's carefully eliminated the objects which injure, and with his belt has harnessed the forces which kill. Strapped in snugly he literally wears the car like a suit of armor. He can roll and crash and not get a bruise. He knows that at the track where he's going this may happen. You pretend where you're going it won't. With 1,250,000 people injured yearly, how can you believe that? Is your road any safer than his?

The injured and dead can lead us toward a few more improvements in design. Rear seats must be securely anchored to prevent them from tearing loose on impact and striking a fracturing blow to

the neck. Practical bumpers might be designed to actually absorb the impact, lessening the jolt on the passengers. Windshields might be developed to fly loose when struck, or stretch with the blow.

In a day of six-lane highways, 300-horsepower engines, and decelerative forces equal to those encountered in fighter planes, it would seem that such safety measures would be a natural requisite to good automobile design. But until recently the need has gone completely unheeded by manufacturers and public alike. Under the

guise of inevitability this unnecessary highway murder has gone on uncontrolled, and even uncondemned. As a result over one million Americans have died.

Let's do something about this. Medically we know it can be done. Day after day these helpless victims pass through our country's morgues, twisted and torn and dead from injuries which might have been prevented.

If we can't live without accidents, let's learn to live with them. Take your lesson from the dead—learn to crash and live.

"I have now disposed of all my property to my family. There is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian Religion. If they had that and I had not given them one shilling they would have been rich; and if they had not that and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

PATRICK HENRY, VIRGINIA,
His Will

"There is an insidious campaign of false propaganda being waged today, to the effect that our country is not a Christian country but a religious one—that it was not founded on Christianity but on freedom of religion.

"It cannot be emphasized too strongly or too often that this great nation was founded not by 'religionists' but by *Christians*—not on religion but on the *Gospel of Jesus Christ*. For this very reason, peoples of other faiths have been afforded asylum, prosperity and freedom of worship here.

"In the spoken and written words of our noble founders and forefathers, we find symbolic expressions of their Christian faith. The above quotation from the will of Patrick Henry is a notable example."

The Virginian, April 1956, Vol. II No. 3

FOREIGN AID

Picks Your Pocket Again

by

Eugene W. Castle

IT'S HAPPENED to the taxpayers again! After all the bold talk, the quasi-pledges, the "Never Again," the men on Capitol Hill have tamely surrendered once more to the power and patronage of the White House. They have voted another year of billion-span-gled aid.

This year the "new" money total is \$3,766,570,000, not as much as the White House demanded but still a billion more than the previous International Cooperation Administration (ICA) appropriation. Mutual Security, as they like to call it, has ridden out its worst storm!

A little over a year ago, few Washington trend-watchers would have given a plugged nickel for the chance that Mutual Security, in its present form, would survive beyond its allotted fiscal life. Two years of Harold Stassen's unctuousness had thoroughly sickened some of the influential Senate and House leaders on the whole foreign-aid program. The respected Senator Walter F. George, who was to head the Foreign Relations Committee in the incoming Democratic Con-

gress, had declared, as early as July 1, 1953, that "as far as I am concerned, Mutual Security is going into its last fiscal year this morning." Others were talking in the same temper.

To get out from under, Congress in 1955 let the autonomous old Stassen-headed Foreign Operations Administration die a natural death. It then set up the International Cooperation Administration as a unit of the Department of State to carry out the program on what Congress then believed would be a rapidly diminishing one, leading to the full liquidation of the majority of foreign-aid projects.

When the former Taft law partner, John B. Hollister of Cincinnati, was appointed to head the ICA, prevailing Washington sentiment held that foreign aid was, as Congress ordered, in liquidation. The surmise appeared to be confirmed when, on December 19, 1955, Nelson A. Rockefeller resigned from the President's Advisory Staff in apparent protest against too little foreign aid. At last the White House seemed to be coming

around to the Congressional attitude on Mutual Security.

That is where everyone guessed wrong. The predictions of foreign aid liquidation completely underestimated the pressure forces within the White House circle, which were behind the program. Not long after the Rockefeller exit, these pressure forces went into determined action and foreign aid jolted sharply back into life. The liquidation had just been an illusion, after all.

THE ABOUT-FACE which the Eisenhower Administration executed in late 1955 was one of the most curious maneuvers of its first three years in office. It deserves retelling as a case history of how foreign-aid programs are perpetuated in Washington's pressure mill and through its political pipeline. The dates are important in this recital.

During the first week of December 1955, all of the top actors in the foreign-aid cast journeyed to Gettysburg, where they engaged in two extended conferences with the then convalescing President Eisenhower. The acrimony of these conferences may be imagined from the ensuing medical announcement that the President was in a state of fatigue. A decision was, apparently, reached at Gettysburg, for on December 13, 1955, following a meeting at the White House between the President and the leaders of both parties in Congress, unof-

ficial word was given out that it had been decided that Congress would be asked, in January, for \$2,700,000,000, the amount of the then current appropriation for foreign aid, and a substantial saving from the previous year.

The mid-December 1955 White House announcement was interpreted by most as indicating that the so-called "4-H Club"—Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey, Undersecretary of State Herbert Hoover, Jr., the then Director of the Budget Rowland R. Hughes and Foreign Aid Director John B. Hollister—had obtained the President's nod in the foreign aid tug-of-war over Dr. Milton Eisenhower, Paul Hoffman, Harold Stassen and Nelson Rockefeller.

On this mood suddenly exploded the Dulles announcement, only a week later, on December 20, 1955, that the Administration would ask Congress for a foreign-aid appropriation of the astounding figure of \$4,900,000,000. The surprise announcement further stated that the Administration would actively seek a ten-year commitment of \$100,000,000 annually, so that projects which were to be offered to foreigners could be projected over a long-term period.

What did this overnight reversal mean? It meant bluntly that the White House had decided to flout the will and instructions of the 83rd Congress to reduce drastically

economic aid in fiscal 1956 and taper off military aid in fiscal 1957. Instead, the President's advisors, and particularly the White House inner circle, had prevailed upon Eisenhower to act upon the assumption that foreign aid was to go on permanently, perhaps forever, as an inescapable drain upon the American taxpayer and a constant threat to the economic well-being of the country.

The reasons for this abrupt switch were soon apparent from the statements issued by Administration's VIPs and their favored reporters and columnists. The White House was "afraid of the Soviets" became the argument and principal propaganda of the day. Actually, and once again Washington, in its continuing war of nerves with the men of the Kremlin, had collapsed before a Soviet bluff.

During 1955, and particularly after the ill-fated Geneva Conference, the Soviets had engaged in a highly publicized series of gestures to "neutralist" nations indicating that they might be willing to extend sizable economic aid. Subsequently, two shrewd Russian travelers, Bulganin and Khrushchev, took to the road and concentrated their "generosity" upon three Asian countries.

Throughout their travels they promised to institute a Russian version of Point Four, but with this one important difference: their promises were limited to interest-

bearing loans while the United States continued bestowing outright gifts.

Paradoxically, it was Russia which was acting in the spirit of capitalism and not we. In the face of the news that Russia was proposing to compete with the United States in its own Point Four, our high policy makers in Washington panicked.

ALMOST AT ONCE, the familiar battery of do-gooder and Liberal exhorters commenced to render headline-winning advice. New York's Attorney General Jacob K. Javits soberly told a group at Colgate University that the Eisenhower Administration should invest \$100,000,000,000, in a program of peaceful economic competition with the Communists. Paul Hoffman told a Pennsylvania audience that not less than \$200,000,000,000 would be needed for "peaceful" foreign aid during the coming five years. Walter P. Reuther, politically ambitious Detroit labor baron, proposed that for a period of 25 years, the United States should contribute two percent of its gross product each year to provide economic help for less-developed nations. This proposal, at our present economic level, would cost the American taxpayers, including, of course, the dues-paying members of Reuther's big union, a mere \$8,000,000,000 per year!

Governor George N. Craig of

Indiana, a White House intimate, declared in New York that the American people must "orient" themselves to the idea that foreign aid will be with us for the next 50 or 75 years! Professor William W. Rostow of M.I.T., author of a highly controversial book on the Soviet, and a government consultant on Russian strategy, issued a solemn report which was submitted to the President's National Security Council, urging that the United States put up immediately \$10,000,000,000 to \$12,000,000,000 to be drawn on for foreign economic development over the years. The editorialists for *Life* magazine argued approvingly for a plan whereby the United States Government should put an additional \$2,000,000,000 a year into the Asia-Africa area for economic development.

WITH all of these conjectural billions being tossed about, it is not surprising that President Eisenhower in his message to Congress declared that: "With the Soviet leaders openly proclaiming their world aim, it would be a folly for us and our friends to relax our collective efforts toward stability and security." The United States, from its President down, had fallen hook, line and sinker for the Soviet come-on!

It was only because a few strong and genuinely concerned men in Congress refused to be stampeded that the final Eisenhower \$4.672-

475,000 was not rushed emotionally through the 84th Congress. One of these was Senator Walter F. George of Georgia. George had done many helpful chores for the Eisenhower Administration, but, at this juncture of the foreign aid fight, he proved to be no rubber stamp for the White House. He set up such a voluble protest against the proposed Eisenhower ten year "blank check" commitment that the President unhappily dropped it from the "must" part of his foreign aid program.

Another strong opponent was Louisiana's alert and highly respected Senator Allen J. Ellender, long a skeptic of continued and unlimited foreign aid projects. Ellender confounded the Administration spokesmen with forceful and fact-studded arguments when the measure reached the Senate. Another outspoken foe was Chairman James P. Richards of the House Foreign Affairs Committee who, almost without help, was responsible for far-reaching cuts eventually made by the House in the foreign-aid appropriation.

As the appropriation slowly stumbled its way through Congress, the pressure from the White House to force the passage of the legislation in its requested form became almost overpowering. President Eisenhower himself, pale from his long illness, told a meeting of the Advertising Council of America, in Washington, that every dol-

lar spent on foreign aid was equal in results to five dollars spent on armaments.

But it was the Administration's misfortune to encounter the opposition of a powerful legislator at the head of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. In the face of White House wrath, Richards proceeded to chop away the increase which the President had so urgently demanded. The bill which emerged from the House Committee bore little resemblance to the White House request. Gone was \$1,100,000,000 of the requested total appropriation. Gone was the ten-year project proposal of \$100,000,000 per year for ten years. Gone was the flexible provision which would have enabled the President to shift around aid from one area to another. Gone was 50 percent of the debatable Tito grant. The Administration measure was gutted.

INCENSED at this House revolt, the President went into action. On June 5, 1956, he summoned Speaker Sam Rayburn, Majority Leader John W. McCormack, Minority Leader Joe Martin, Charles A. Halleck and House Foreign Affairs Committee Chairman Richards. All except Richards (who is retiring from Congress) emerged from the White House to do the President's bidding. Minority Leader Joe Martin fired the big gun when he solemnly read a special appeal from the President to restore the

eliminated funds. It was not enough. When the vote was taken, the Congress, closest to the pulse of the people, voted against the President's wishes. By an overwhelming majority of nearly two to one, Richard's billion-dollar cut was confirmed.

Following this crushing rebuff in the House, the scene now shifted to the Senate. By this time the White House had made up its mind that it was not going to get a restoration of the full \$1,000,000,000 which the House had cut out. In the Senate, it was decided that the strategy would be based upon an effort to restore \$600,000,000 of the eliminated funds, primarily for military aid.

On June 12, 1956, the President sent a message to the Senate leaders of both parties asking them to restore this \$600,000,000. It was a hard decision for the Senators. At this time, their office mail was running in a ratio or more than two to one against any increase of foreign aid, and many of their constituents were outspoken in the demand for a permanent halt in gifts to foreigners. Moreover, editors of newspapers throughout the United States were regularly receiving an ever-growing snowstorm of anti-aid letters from their subscribers.

Despite this increasing opposition from millions of American citizens and always mindful of the patronage weapon, the Senate

proved an easier touch than the House for the President in his foreign-policy demands. It came through again for the White House.

However, while the aid budget was being heatedly debated, both in and out of Congress, these important developments occurred:

SENATOR GEORGE, who had thrown a wrench into Administration plans in January, now proved to be the Administration's real "secret weapon." The Senator's status had changed meantime. He had withdrawn from what appeared to be a hopeless fight for renomination against his young and vigorous foreign aid critic, Georgia's former Governor Herman Talmadge, and George was now under appointment by Eisenhower to a high diplomatic post.

The veteran George whipped together, for the foreign aid fight, the old bipartisan Senate majority which had backed the President on foreign policy since his inauguration.

Senator Allen J. Ellender fought a brilliant but losing battle against sections of the bill. However, the retiring Senator George and his followers never relaxed their grip. Backed by all of the power, prestige and propaganda of the White House, the \$600,000,000 was reluctantly restored. After the Senate had voted, the White House was in sight of a total appropriation of

\$4,270,075,000. But there still remained the high hurdle of the joint House-Senate conference.

The President didn't have anything to be particularly proud of in his victory. True, he had got his majority, but some of the most respected names in the Senate had refused to follow him. The "no" list included Byrd of Virginia, McClellan of Arkansas, Ellender and Long of Louisiana, Kerr of Oklahoma, Russell of Georgia, and O'Mahoney of Wyoming. Also, 15 Republican Senators had defied their own party leader to vote No.

Meanwhile there had occurred one of those surprise twists which upset all political prophecies. Federal Comptroller General Joseph Campbell, one of a few high officials of the Government who report to Congress and not to the President, was looking over Defense Department assets when he found an item of \$363,000,000, which shouldn't have been there at all! Upon tracing the huge amount, he discovered that it was a part of the 1954 military aid appropriation which had never been used and had never been reappropriated. By rights, it should have reverted to the U.S. Treasury, and so Campbell vigorously advised Congress!

Obviously, the sting in this announcement was that a sum as immense as \$363,000,000 could become "lost" and nobody should be concerned about it. Was this a

sample of the way the ICA handled the taxpayer's billions? The announcement from the comptroller general struck the promoters for new billions for foreign aid like a bombshell. In the face of such a revelation, the Administration group and its spokesmen realized that their quest for more money was doomed. But they determined to continue to try to get the most of this windfall.

The Eisenhower group was ready to offer a deal. They would abandon the fight to get the Senate total in the aid appropriation. In return, Congress was asked to reappropriate \$302,000,000 of the lost money. Military aid would thus benefit to the extent of this additional money and without any *apparent* cost to the nation.

The foreign aid bill, as finally passed, authorized \$3,766,570,000.

And to this gigantic sum must be added \$240,800,000, unspent last year and "reappropriated" for fiscal 1956-57. Additionally, there is a sum estimated to be \$90,000,000 available for use at the President's "discretion." With these carry-overs, Mr. and Mrs. America, whether they know it and like it or not, are destined to part with the supersonic sum of \$4,097,370,000 for foreign economic and military aid between now and June 30, 1957! In addition to this more than \$4,000,000,000 of "new" money in the foreign-aid till, the estimate has been made that unexpended bal-

ances for foreign giving are approximately \$7,417,200,000 as of June 30, 1956. This meant that an estimated total of \$11,682,200,000 was available for foreign aid expenditure during fiscal year 1956-57. And all this, remember, was the program that the Congress ordered liquidated 18 months ago!

When we review the fantastic money totals and take stock on this 1956 experience, these important conclusions emerge:

THE FIRST is that the great majority of American taxpayers do not approve of the continuance of multi-billion-dollar foreign aid, and that without the interference of a powerful Washington coterie, it would already be in an advanced stage of liquidation. Moreover, had it been left to the elected representatives in Congress, foreign aid, aside from some but certainly not all projects now in the "pipeline," would have been greatly diminished.

It was the Administration with its elaborate network of commitments to NATO, to our Far East wards, and to our whole structure of alliances which could not allow the rickety aid structure to collapse. In the face of the accumulating evidence that the aid program is losing ground in our cold war with Communism, Congress was induced, under strong pressure, not only to renew it but actually expand our global giving, lest we

antagonize our "allies." It was painfully clear throughout the protracted debate that the issue was not being decided on the basis of American welfare.

Eisenhower in his zeal to drive through the appropriation once again revealed how completely his Administration is in the grip of the same personal influences that ruled under Acheson and Marshall. The faces at the summit have changed; the policies and those who execute them remain unaltered.

Another fact is that, in the present jittery state of Washington opinion, we are being whipsawed in our foreign policies almost at will by the men in the Kremlin.

As long as we continue to shuttle our foreign decisions and gifts back and forth and to respond to every new wind which blows from Moscow, we will steadily lose ground to Communism. And we will also continue to lose the respect of both our "allies" and our enemies.



Religious Freedom in Russia?

The attempt to have Christian fellowship with the clergymen from Moscow is a travesty. The receiving of these Red clergymen as honored church-men is the greatest mistake that the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U. S. A. has ever made. These men come, not as the representatives of the suffering Christians in Iron Curtain lands, but as the clever spokesmen of a sinister power.

Russia is the No. 1 gangster of our world. She stands as history's most brutal nation. The civilized West must, "if it is to preserve its freedom, recognize and never forget the wicked anti-God government which now rules two-fifths of the people of the earth. Moreover, it is the policies which we have pursued in our generation which have made possible Russia's increased strength to a place now where our own lives are imperiled. If the West is to be saved, she must return to the moral law of God and base her decision on right and wrong, truth versus error, and honor versus deceit. We are confused. Our leadership swings back and forth between adherence to principle and the practice of expediency. We promised to work for liberation of the captive countries; we actually practice coexistence.

Russia is determined to destroy the capitalistic West. Everything we hold dear in our freedom is to be taken from us. This is a time for bold, courageous action and appeal to the truth of God and to God Himself to help us.

These clergymen from Moscow come as deceivers. The more profuse their praise of us and the more natural their theological language, the better their deception. There is no such thing as religious freedom in Russia!

Do You Ever Stop to LISTEN?

by Wouter Van Garrett

THANK you so much," the woman rose to leave. "I certainly appreciate the help and advice you've given me."

We had given her neither help nor advice. It was our neighbor from across the street. She had come—so miserable, so heartsick, so forlorn that our sympathies went out to her. My wife and I gave her our complete attention. So she began a running narrative of her marital troubles. All we did was to ask a minor question now and then to let her know that we were still listening.

As she continued her story, her voice calmed down and she appeared to be more relaxed. She had actually reached her own decision, and it was really she who had worked out her own advice. All we had done was listen. We like to think that we have learned to make listening into an art.

But not all listening is an art. Some listening is *inattentive*. Now and then some peddler of words gets us in a corner and begins to tell us a painful narrative that

has neither point nor purpose. It may be an account of his last operation, it may be a jumbled report of an experience with the plumber, or a recital of some other event that holds no interest for us. We suffer in silence with the retentive part of our mind as near static as possible. Such mental activity as there may be has to do with a means of escape. That kind of listening is not an art.

Some listening is *impassive*. A teacher is scolding a pupil. The lad knows that he deserves what he is getting but he is still rebellious. He also knows that the teacher has the last word and that nothing he can say will help matters. So he grits his teeth and listens; that is, he appears to be listening, but in reality very few words he hears are retained.

A foreman is tongue-lashing one of his men and there is nothing to do but listen. Well, a fellow may have to listen but he doesn't have to like it. So the worker assumes a listening role but in his own mind it is impassive.

A man and his wife are leaving a party. As soon as they are seated in the car, the wife begins with, "What d'you mean by hanging around that bleached blond all evening?" From past experience the husband knows that there will be no room for a rebuttal. Denials will not even be heard by the aggressor. So he settles back in the seat and prepares to do some heavy listening. Impassive listening. But that kind of listening is not an art.

SOME listening is *intensive*. The listener gives complete attention. Not one word must be missed. Any questions that are asked are put forth for the simple purpose of getting the full story and all the gruesome details. The gossip is our number one illustration for intensive listening. She (or he) is eager to hear every word. Always on the alert for every juicy morsel that can be handed on, and for every hint that can be built into a scandal, and for all the gossip-value that can be wrung from a story, there is always a ready ear. But this type of listening is not an art.

Before listening can become an art several elements must be present in the heart of the listener. He must have a sincere desire to be of help, and he must know human nature well enough to lead his client into his own decisions. He must understand that when someone comes and asks, "Will you

give me some help with my problem?" he does not necessarily mean that he wants free advice, nor words of wisdom.

There are so many who want to talk and so very few who are willing to stop and really listen. And yet it is the *listening* and not the *talking* that produces the better results. Blessed is the man who is able to listen to the troubles of others and who can refrain from delivering a lecture.

When tragedy strikes, help is needed desperately—moral and spiritual help. The impulse comes to take over the situation and to deliver words of wisdom on the uses of adversity and the need of drawing upon one's patience and fortitude. But that is not the most helpful method. What the poor soul needs is not *words* delivered for his benefit; he needs to talk things out. That requires a sympathetic ear into which he can pour his story.

We are living in a strange day. Life is so very full and so complicated that there seem to be so few to listen and so many who need to be listened to. Learn the art of listening. You will be regarded as a good conversationalist, and you will be helping many a poor soul who needs a warm friendly shoulder to weep on. In the *telling*, many a fellow finds his answer. But to do this he needs someone who is willing to listen and who has lifted listening to an art.



GLAMOR on WINGS

by

James H. Winchester

WHILE more than half of all domestic air travel and fully three-quarters of all international flying is now done under the low-cost tourist fares, there is still plenty of super-service and luxury to be found in the sky.

"As long as there are people spending expense account money," reports one realistic airlines sales executive, "there will be a demand for first-class and even extra-fare flights, both in this country and for trips across the oceans."

Each year the airlines engage in all-out efforts to outdo each other in equipment and appointments, service and extras on these star-

ranking flights. The cash in the till may come from the ever-growing number of tourist and fly-now-pay-later travelers, but the glamor and luxury, the lush and the plush, is only to be found on such sky flights as TWA's "Ambassador," American Airlines' long-famed trans-continental "Mercury," United's New York to Los Angeles "Continental," Pan American's trans-Atlantic "President," and many others.

But what is considered commonplace today was the ultimate in luxury air travel only a handful of years ago. By the same token what is luxury aloft today will be tomorrow's routine. What luxury in the sky will be like a few years hence is anybody's guess—and there are plenty of people willing to take a guess at it.

For instance, American Airlines, the largest of the domestic airlines in the United States, has just added Walter K. Tode, honored as one of the 10 outstanding chefs of the world by the famed Society of Gastronomie D'Alsace, to its staff as its Director of Cuisine. His specific assignment will be to make eating aloft at least as appetizing as the meals he formerly prepared at such spots as the Ritz Carlton in Paris, the Thérminus in Rio de Janeiro and the Jockey Club in Buenos Aires.

SUCH tasty tidbits as fresh-cooked lobsters, among other dishes, which are now on American's flying menus, are a far cry, indeed, from the sandwiches, coffee with a cardboard container flavor and day-old pastries, which were considered "luxury" eating aboard the airlines only a handful of years ago.

But improved eating is only one of the new luxuries of life up high.

Recently, Trans-World Airlines conducted a contest on the subject of what commercial air travel will be like in 1985. Some of the predictions were startling, to say the least—planes carrying from 500 to 1,000 passengers, with swimming pools, beauty shops and night clubs! Other crystal-ball gazers foresaw food automatically dispensed in flight, either through complete pre-packaging or concentrated food capsules.

Typical of today's "luxury"

flights is TWA's Super-Constellation "Ambassador." Each morning at 1:05—giving its celebrity-loaded passenger list plenty of time to get out to the airport after an evening at the theatre—it departs from New York International Airport. Less than eight hours later, without a single stop, it brakes gently to a halt before the gate at Los Angeles' International Airport. Both American Airlines and United Airlines fly similar first class non-stop flights coast-to-coast.

You get the feeling that this TWA flight is something extra from the moment the deep voice over the loudspeaker system announces its loading. A deep red carpet stretches from the door of the terminal building out to the loading ramp. At the top of the stairs, in the door of the plane, two hostesses greet you warmly. If you've signed up for one of the bigger-than-Pullman berths (\$50 for a lower, \$25 for an upper) you leave the time you wish to be called in the morning. If you want breakfast in bed, that's okay, too.

Ten minutes after the wheels of the four-engined, 350-mile-an-hour Super Constellation are off the runway, those hostesses with the Hollywood look are around again to offer you a midnight "snack" of chilled champagne and fancy hors d'oeuvres.

Want to change into your dressing gown or pajamas before going to bed four miles up in the sky?

There are three dressing rooms to choose from. Want to take off your shoes if you haven't taken a berth? There are soft slippers to slip on your feet.

Breakfast—fresh melon, ham and eggs, sweet rolls—is served as the plane drops down over the desert across the last range of coastal mountains before gliding into the sprawling, spreading maze that is Los Angeles.

It's the passengers who ride these luxury runs—making the trip between coasts only a commuter's hop—who add to the glamor and interest. It's not unusual to wake up in the morning, for instance, on American's "Mercury" to find a world-famous Hollywood star napping in the seat alongside of you.

On one night recently the "Mercury" left New York's Idlewild with film star Esther Williams and her husband, Ben Gage, Paul Douglas, Milton Berle and his wife, Jack Haley, director John Huston, actress Terry Moore and TV star Gabby Hayes all aboard.

However, unless you're up on your show business and big business who's who, you'll probably never know who many of your fellow-passengers are on these luxury flights. Celebrities from all walks of life are commonplace. On these flights, working on the theory that the passenger is always right, the airlines sometimes go to extreme lengths to make certain that every whim is satisfied. TWA,

for instance, has one movie star customer—female—who insists on using her own sheets every time she makes the non-stop Hollywood to Broadway flight. It's not at all uncommon, either, for some of the top motion picture executives to have their favorite Beverly Hills restaurant send along baskets of special foods for them.

It takes plenty of patience and tact, you may be sure, on the part of cabin attendants, to keep such top-flight personalities all happy and appeased.

ONE of the biggest luxuries—in the opinion of many air travelers—to be inaugurated in recent years by the airlines is in the speed-up of baggage service. Along this line, on their "Mercury" service, American Airlines now offers a "door-to-door" baggage service in New York and Los Angeles. Under this arrangement passenger's bags are delivered right to their homes and offices within a short time after their plane has landed. The passenger, as a result, can go directly from the airport to his destination without having to wait—even for a few minutes—to have his baggage unloaded.

These modern refinements mark the evolution of a mode of air travel that really began back in 1927, when air mail service operators and aircraft builders first began to think of airplanes and schedules tailored for the carriage trade.

Until then passengers were merely super-cargo. Airlines, such as they were, were primarily mail haulers. If freight allowed, and there were a couple of people around who wanted to get some place in a hurry, that was fine and so much more revenue. But the passengers were crammed into a couple of folding seats in the mail compartment in front of the pilot's cockpit.

Today's luxury-flight passengers are given more service and handling than was dreamed of just a few years ago. Pan American World Airways, which started in business with a single flight back in 1927 between Key West, Florida, and Havana, Cuba, now operates luxury trips all over the globe, including one de-luxe round-the-world flight. But in their early days they used to have to go out on the sidewalks and talk the customers into the office.

"I guess you can say our special handling of passengers started the day that Al Capone and three of his bodyguards walked into the office one day and purchased tickets for Cuba," a Pan American executive recalls. "After paying for the fares, he looked the ticket agent in the eye and announced, 'Better see we have a good trip, bud. Otherwise something might happen to you.'"

The Capone party, it is still recalled, got very, very special handling all along the line that day.

About this same time, too, out on the West Coast, Western Air Express flying between Los Angeles and San Francisco, decided that the passenger was to be king—or queen—on a new service they would inaugurate.

IN July, 1929, TWA established the first coast-to-coast service, a combination of flying by day, traveling overnight by rail. This reduced the transcontinental travel time from 100 hours to 48 hours. By the end of October, 1930, this service became all-air, and the transcontinental time was 36 hours.

This was really air luxury—at the time. The planes were brand new, shiny, Ford tri-motors, seating 10 passengers. The fare was a fat \$351.94, one-way. The fare included luncheons and morning and afternoon light refreshments, transportation to and from airports, and an insurance policy for each passenger. It also included the services of the "courier" or cabin attendant, who served the meals, answered questions and took messages.

Meals served in flight were nothing like the hot, full-course affairs served today on such top luxury flights as Eastern Airlines New York to Miami "Falcon" or Air France's super de-luxe Paris to New York "Parisian," but they were considered pretty top stuff for something to eat in the air those days.

By the mid-1930's, two important aviation milestones contributed to the increasing elegance of luxury air travel—and at that time practically all air travel was considered in the luxury class. These two events were: first, the introduction of a new-type plane—the Douglas DC series, faster, larger, more efficient to operate than any previous types—and second, the introduction of female cabin attendants—stewardesses or hostesses, depending on which line you were flying.

The DC-2 and DC-3s, carrying

one cabin attendant and 21 passengers, were the backbone of the domestic airlines until after World War II. Then the Constellations, the Strato-Cruisers and the larger Douglas DC-6s and DC-7s took wing.

Tomorrow—just beyond the horizon—are the jets. They'll fly at 600 miles-an-hour, making the trans-Atlantic hop to London in a few hours. Los Angeles will be only six hours away from New York.

With them the airlines will enter a new era—that of super-luxury.

The Cancer of Inflation

Inflation has created more human misery than all other causes, except for war, famine and pestilence. It wipes out the savings of the thrifty, it brings hardship and suffering to those who are least able to bear it—widows, children, and old people.

The tragic thing about inflation is that, like Cancer, it has generally done its deadly work before it is recognized. If you don't believe this, just study the following figures and decide for yourself:

TOTAL U. S. MONEY SUPPLY: (Currency in circulation plus bank deposits)

1892	\$ 5.8	billions
1900	8.8	
1913	17.0	Federal Reserve Banking Act was passed by the government.
1915	20.6	
1920	39.8	As a direct result of World War I which ended in 1918.
1925	48.3	Thanks to stock market boom.
1935	49.8	Thanks to World War II build-up.
1940	66.9	Thanks to World War II.
1945	162.7	Thanks to World War II being dragged out.
1950	173.7	Thanks to United Nations, which planned perpetual war for perpetual peace (as Marx predicted).
1955	215.7	Thanks to more of the same, plus Korea, plus give-away programs to the four corners of the earth.
1957	?	



The Little Admiral

by
Edward D. Mellinger

DAWN was breaking over the Black Sea, and from his flagship the little admiral peered intently at the scene before him. Not far away, a forest of masts and sail proclaimed the massed might of the Turkish fleet. This was the moment for which he had long waited. Turning to the captain of the *Vladimir*, he gave orders to attack. As anchor chains screeched, the Russian battle line moved forward.

It was the year 1788. Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia, had determined to drive the Turks out of Europe. But first she had to seize command of the Black Sea, and so she had assembled an obsolescent force of 15 sailing ships and 60 oar-propelled galleys. Only the *Vladimir* was a ship of the

line, and even she mounted only 26 guns. Against this motley collection, the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire had sent an armada of 120 vessels.

Not only were the Russians out-gunned—they were divided among themselves. Although theoretically the admiral was in command of the operation, his galleys were led by a German prince who sent spying reports on his every move to St. Petersburg. Even the captain of the *Vladimir* was untrustworthy. To make matters worse, the admiral could not speak Russian, and had to transmit orders in French, which he spoke with a soft Scotch burr. This was the fantastic array with which Catherine was challenging one of the greatest empires on earth!

Though he knew this was the hour for attack, the intriguing prince cautiously held his flotilla to the rear. The little admiral shrugged—he would go on alone. Now the grotesque force of 15 lumbering craft was under sail, headed for the Turkish fleet.

THE Turkish commander had been caught napping. While the Russians had deployed at night, he had permitted his ships to drop anchor and furl sail. Suddenly a lookout glimpsed the Russians and cried a warning. In a moment the decks and rigging of the pasha's ships were swarming with panic-stricken sailors, attempting to cut their cables and get under way. It was too late.

Down upon the floundering armada swept the Russian squadron, their cannon blazing. In their desperate efforts to maneuver with insufficient headway, the pasha's largest ship and then his flagship ran aground. But the Turks were armed with fireballs, and one of these was hurled onto a Russian

ship and sank her. Now the captain of the *Vladimir* took fright and—without consulting the admiral—ordered the anchor dropped.

When the Russian attack halted, the admiral signalled to the timorous prince, ordering him to bring up the galleys. Seeing that the Turks were in flight, the prince at last came swooping upon the scene, but instead of taking up the pursuit, he churned triumphantly around the stranded ships, setting them afire and roasting their crews alive. Sickened at the sight, the admiral turned away.

Next day, still attempting to escape, nine more of the Turkish ships ran aground. The prince set these afire too, dooming more than 3,000 screaming men to flames. The admiral had had enough. Revolted at such savagery, weary of the duplicity of Catherine's court, the most illustrious sailor of his age left Russia—forever.

John Paul Jones, Rear Admiral of the Imperial Russian Fleet and Commodore of the United States Navy, had fought his last battle.

Our nation's policy has been deliberately directed so that today we have only enemies and debts. We have alienated 450,000,000 people in the Middle East. The Moslem-Hindu-Arab groups are now united against us. They control two-thirds of the world's most vital commodity—oil, which they can nationalize. They also control the vital Suez Canal. Will we wake up—or will we in October or November be promoted into another World War?

✓✓

Do You Know?

- For many years Russia has been preparing for a transpolar war to be waged over Alaska, Northern Canada and the Arctic. Already a powerful Fifth Column has been planted in Alaska.
- In back of the reckless drunkard, Khrushchey, is the calm and powerful Lazar M. Kaganovitch, the real ruler of Russia.
- Only a great national movement can save these United States from destruction. The women of our country have the time, the money and the courage to do the job.
- The only effective way of combatting Socialism, Communism and Zionism is to show up the alien influences behind them.
- England for many years was the stronghold of Christian civilization. It is being liquidated by alien forces within that country. So is France. The United States is the next target. The plan is to drive Christianity underground.
- The Communists share only *slavery* with people.
- Keats achieved immortality at 26, Napoleon was dead at 52, Lincoln at 56. T. R. Roosevelt was President at 42. Kerensky and revolutionaries, with help from New York City, overthrew the Czar at 36. William Jennings Bryan stampeded the Democratic nomination at the ripe age of 36. Billy Graham is spiritually lifting up millions of people at the age of 38.
- Since World War II, militarily, politically, and morally bankrupt France has received over \$10 billion (\$10,000 million) of your money and mine. Chunks of these handouts are returned in cash to the conspirators here in the United States so that they can buy your properties and brainwash you.
- Nothing would kill the UN quicker than a period of real peace.
- Nothing would kill Communism quicker than a diet of truth.
- NATO is a phony military scheme to undermine national sovereignty. NATO and the UN are playing major roles in the betrayal of Christendom.
- The fate of the world was sealed at the sinister Teheran Conference, where the seeds for Yalta and Potsdam were planted by godless men.



WHEN SHOPPING was a HEADACHE

by Charles Raymond

WE HEAR much about the "Good Old Days" which were not so complex, not so fast-paced; prices low, foods plentiful and cheap, and money worth more.

Let's go back about 100 years and see how good the "Good Old Days" really were and how cheap prices were and how much money was worth under the conditions that prevailed.

We'll accompany great-grandmother on a shopping tour and carry the basket since she must carry her four or five petticoats through the wet and muddy streets and take care in avoiding the splash of carriages.

Before starting, great-grandmother took stock of what she wanted. She had been down to the cellar

that morning. Everybody in those days had a "cold cellar." She found a motley assortment of apples, potatoes, onions and root vegetables that she had stored away last summer and fall. Somehow they had lost their freshness. How good the first taste of fresh greens would be!

Great-grandma knew what she wanted even if she didn't know what it would cost. Why didn't she check the paper? She did. It read like this:

CLANCY'S CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

Fine stock of fresh green
and black teas, East &

West India Preserves, Pro-
visionals and Vegetables.

That one was published in 1853. A bit vague on *what* groceries and

"provisionals" and no prices. Specific items and prices didn't begin to show up in grocery ads until 1900—about 50 years later.

Unfortunately, there was only one market near enough for great-grandma to use without taking the carriage so even if there were ads she could not look around to get the best bargains.

Now let's see what great-grandma wanted. Just the usual things—eggs, potatoes, butter—some green vegetables and perhaps a few onions. A roast would do too, since tomorrow is Sunday.

Clancy's had eggs—definitely! Very nice ones. Fresh? In winter? Well shall we say—quite fresh. Hens don't lay much in the winter-time, and these *did* come up the river by boat! So they were—maybe—two weeks old. Why not cold storage eggs, then—packed fresh, held at constant temperature and shipped by refrigerator car? Great-grandma didn't ask that question for several reasons.

FIRST, there were no cold storage warehouses—the first one wasn't built until 1865, and up till 1890 warehousing was very limited. Natural ice was used and salt added if a temperature below 45 degrees was needed. Mechanical refrigeration didn't begin till the 1890's—in fact it was big news at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893.

Now about that shipment up the river by boat. In 1850, there were

only 9,000 miles of railroads in the country. Twenty years later there were still only 50,000 miles. Now there are almost 400,000. In 1853, canals and rivers handled more than a billion ton miles of freight—railroads just 170,000,000. Canals were great things.

Of course, no railroad, no refrigerator car! Fact is, one—just one—did haul some butter to Boston in 1851. It was a wooden car, insulated with sawdust, and by 1857 there were 30 such cars—insulated with ice. In 1868, a fruit grower in southern Illinois shipped some strawberries to Chicago in a refrigerator car. But it wasn't until the 1880's, when artificial ice began to be used, that refrigerated shipments became really practical. Today, some 130,000 "ice boxes on wheels" operate on our railroads.

Great-grandma needed those eggs. She took them, even though the price—25¢ a dozen—seemed high. High at 25¢ a dozen? And you just paid 70 cents? It all depends on how you look at it. Great-grandma's husband was a machinist—a good job—but great-grandpa worked hard, about 72 hours a week in fact! Of course he made good money, \$2.50 a day—\$15.00 a week. Now figuring what that \$15.00 is worth in cold hard 1956 dollars is a job for the slide rule boys, but, based on known purchasing power data, a figure of \$35.00 wouldn't be far off. That means it takes \$35.00 of

today's dollars to buy what \$15.00 bought in 1850. How about the same job today?

If great-grandpa were working in January of this year he'd put in a little more than half the hours—39 instead of 72—and average \$59.16. So with a little more than half the work, he'd make almost twice as much as he did in 1850. And remember—great-grandma took those eggs home in a basket, not packed separately in a new carton.

THE NEXT ITEM on great-grandma's list was butter—hard to get in winter, but great-grandpa liked gobs of it on his buckwheat cakes. Yes, Clancy had some—but not much. With no storage facilities and very little butter production in winter months, butter was scarce and “dear.” Retail prices went above 30¢ in the '50's and as high as 50¢ in the '70's and '80's. Wholesale prices fluctuated from 19¢ to 38¢. Meanwhile production mounted from 300 million pounds in 1849 to 1¾ billion in 1945.

In 1850, probably 80 percent of that butter was used in the summer time—the only time it was available in quantity. And great-grandma used it then for cooking and baking, too. In winter she used “butterine” or lard.

Great-grandma bought her butter, but that 30¢ loomed large! Does that 85 cents you pay look worse? Great-grandma's sister, Su-

san, was married to a bricklayer. They really couldn't afford butter. He worked a 60 hour week—less than great-grandpa—but he made only \$2.00 a day, or \$12.00 a week. Again, based on the same “relative dollar,” his week's work had about \$28.00 in purchasing value in 1850. Today Susan's husband would work just 30 hours and make a little over \$62.00 a week. Today they could afford butter, eggs, and fresh foods undreamed of in great-grandma's day.

Next on great-grandma's list were potatoes and onions—certainly not too hard to get, nor too expensive either, provided Clancy had any at all. The trouble was, he never knew *when* he'd get them, or how soon they'd sprout or rot after he did. Production of potatoes wasn't very different—65 million bushels in 1850—about 2½ bushels per person compared with 3 bushels per person now. But millions of pounds of potatoes and onions spoiled before they reached the grocers' hands, or shortly thereafter. In 1866, potatoes were cheap “price-wise,” about 67¢ a bushel compared with today's average of \$2.80. But great-grandma *had* to buy them by the peck or bushel and store them in the cellar. She never could be sure of getting them except right in season.

Great-grandma's final item was a green vegetable—and there Clancy fell down! Nor did he think she could get any in the city!

Not until well up in the 1880's—when refrigerated cars were available in some numbers and the East and West had been joined by the Northern Pacific—would such a purchase be possible.

Meanwhile, poor great-grandma! To quote from one who lived in her day: "Like all well regulated families, we maintained storage for the vegetables grown in our garden—cabbages, turnips, potatoes, parsnips, onions, and carrots; or, as many did, hilled them up in the back yard. Green vegetables were to be had only in season."

Cold storage, quick freezing and rapid transportation in chilled or heated cars still waited for the command of the yet unborn wizard to enlist them in the service of the American citizen.

MEANWHILE Clancy, the grocer—home after his 12 to 14 hours at the market—went over the day's business in his mind. Eggs! why couldn't he get them faster? Butter—there was always plenty in the summer—why couldn't some be kept for winter sale, stored so it would hold its sweet taste? Vegetables grew in the South in winter time. If he could only get them up to his store!

These thoughts he told to his supplier, his friends in transportation, others. Railroads—that was the answer! Fast transportation. But still many commodities spoiled. Ice, then, in the railroad

car—ice in a warehouse! That was tried but those things cost money—made food cost more.

Yes, but people would pay more if food was fresh. Handled in bigger quantities the cost could be cut. But those bigger quantities would create surpluses—or perhaps shortages in other places. Then how about a central market, a place to get an "over-all" look at demand and supply? The grain people had such a market, the Board of Trade, started in 1848. Why not in ready-to-eat foods?

Lots of people agreed with Clancy's thoughts. In 1874, the first feeble beginning of regulated handling was made. Quickly it was found that some items could be stored and graded for condition. As warehousing and refrigeration grew, traders realized some items would keep well when stored in cold rooms. Not only eggs, but potatoes, butter, chickens, turkeys and onions.

Today, Clancy's great-grandson, his store gleaming with cleanliness and abundance, need never say, "That's out of season or impossible to get." In some form or other he has or can get everything that great-grandma would have wanted.

The "Good Old Days"? Great-grandma would let you have them if she could stroll in the modern market. And if she could live her life over it would be one of greater abundance, joy and health.

THE BOOK SHELF

The Truth About Brainwashing

By Robert A. Vogeler

BRAIN WASHING, THE STORY OF MEN WHO DEFIED IT, By Edward H. Hunter. 310 pages: \$3.75. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, Inc., 101 Fifth Ave., New York City.

THE Communist hierarchy preferred people to believe that there was no such thing as brainwashing. So long as they could keep it concealed, without a name, opposition to it could be kept scattered and ineffective. . . . It is practically impossible to fight something until it has been given a name."

Edward Hunter, author, newspaperman and foreign correspondent who for more than a quarter-century observed and reported on events in Japan, China and India, had ample opportunity to record, analyze and interpret the Communist pattern of invasion and subsequent enslavement not only of China but other unfortunate victims of the Reds' depravity.

He was the first correspondent to translate and employ the expression "brainwashing" to de-

scribe the process used by the Reds in their all too successful attempts to destroy man's reason. It is altogether fitting that the man who popularized the word "brainwashing" should write on this subject.

Hunter's second book * *Brainwashing, the Story of Men Who Defied It*, is much more than just a compilation of case histories. It is a scholarly analysis of the whole process which the Reds use to condition the minds of peoples whom they wish to control or enslave.

In 1951, following my release from a Communist prison in Hungary, I was asked how the Reds were able to extract "confessions" from apparently innocent people. How can a man be forced to testify in an open courtroom to crimes he could not have possibly committed? By what methods could strong-willed individuals be reduced to cringing, despairing automatons—helpless tools of their inquisitors?

Most people had heard reports of trials behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains, and vague rumors of sinister methods employed

*His first book was *Brainwashing in Red China*.

by the Communists to obtain confessions, but in general such reports were dismissed as being too fantastic to be true.

Therefore, in the early months of 1953, many Americans were shocked to read the headlines announcing that 23 American prisoners of war refused repatriation. It was unthinkable that 23 American soldiers preferred to remain in Red China rather than return to their homes and families. To most Americans this announcement was the first in a series of shocking revelations that emerged in the aftermath of the Korean conflict.

As the "prisoner of war exchange" proceeded, much more was learned of the trials and tribulations to which the prisoners of the Reds had been subjected. With great reluctance, people were forced to admit that a new and awful weapon had been developed by the Communists.

In the past, wars had been fought almost exclusively with weapons designed to destroy the physical resources of the belligerents. And as long as men had been free to think for themselves, they were always able eventually to right wrongs that might have resulted from such armed conflicts.

RUTHLESS TYRANTS for centuries have sought a means to control men's minds. Now the world has ample evidence that such a means has been developed and is

being employed. The realization of this fact should prompt free peoples to learn more about this new weapon.

Many books have been written about Communism, its origin, its history and its evils. There are countless volumes describing the personal experiences of those who were deluded by its promises and of those who suffered for resisting it. Many tedious hours would be consumed perusing the literature that exists on the various phases of Communist theory and practice in a fruitless search for the answers to a few all-important questions.

How were the old-time Bolsheviks, who sacrificed their lives to the cause of Communism, persuaded to plead guilty to anti-Communist activities at the purge trials in 1936 and in subsequent years? How was Cardinal Mindzenty, Primate of Hungary, persuaded to confess in an open courtroom at a public trial, to charges that were admittedly fabrications?

What devices are employed by the Communist secret police to destroy the integrity, will-power and intellect of individuals? How were the Communists able to persuade American military personnel to "admit" publicly violations of the rules of international warfare? How did the Reds persuade men to renounce their birthright?

How can the Communists continue to delude and control entire nations? And finally, how can we

as a society of free people protect ourselves against this new weapon that attacks the mind rather than the body?

THE ANSWERS to these and many other questions associated with Communist methods of persuasion require exhaustive research in the fields of science and philosophy, including psychiatry, dietetics, other branches of medicine, sociology and religion. Collecting, sorting and classifying this information is but the beginning. The analysis and explanation of how the various elements are combined and employed to destroy or impair man's power to reason and his will to resist demands a special talent.

Hunter has defined and described the development of this new weapon in an understandable and highly interesting manner. The application of the techniques of brainwashing are illustrated by certified experiences of familiar case histories. The author traces brainwashing from the early experiments of Ivan P. Pavlov, Russian physiologist, who discovered the principle of the conditioned reflex, to the more refined methods of the Soviet secret police.

A partial list of chapter headings, *viz*: "A New Word," "Ivan P. Pavlov," "Brainwashing In Action," "The Clinical Analysis," "How It Can Be Beat" emphasize the thoroughness with which Hunter has developed his subject.

Familiarity with the knowledge contained in Hunter's book provides the counter-weapon that may well spare mankind from a far worse fate even than total extinction. But more important, the proper application of this knowledge can thwart and (it is hoped) destroy Communism's plan of total enslavement.

IN SEARCH OF HERESY, By John W. Aldridge. 202 pages: \$4.00. McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., 330 West 42nd St., New York City.

HERETIC" John W. Aldridge, in a thoughtful analysis of modern literature in sociological context, notes a conformist trend as exemplified by Sloan Wilson, Herman Wouk and their ilk. One reason for the "gray new world" is the egalitarian prejudice against class distinctions which makes writers unable to picture characters with distinctive personalities. He believes the South, with its agrarian background and traditional social arrangements, has produced the only vital postwar literary force, and praises Carson McCullers, Truman Capote and William Styron.

With justification, he points out that many writers who become associated with universities lose their creativity and become institutionalized and preoccupied with academic status. But Aldridge, himself associated with a university, goes far out on a limb with his claim that the "average good novelist" can be self-supporting. Also questionable is the suggestion that writers cater to the little magazines for intellectuals in-

stead of to the mass markets, forgetting that intellectuals can be as conformist as the crowd.

SUCH IS LIFE, By Jeanne Perkins Harman. 210 pages: \$3.00. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 432 Fourth Ave., New York City.

WE'VE been waiting a long time for the delightful exposé of the Henry Luce publishing empire that Jeanne Perkins Harman gives us in *Such Is Life*. Mrs. Harman describes her ups and downs as a writer-researcher on *Life*, where she interviewed every conceivable type from a Rockefeller to a trained seal.

She survived the ordeal of the "treatment" meted to out-of-favor writers in an organization too "tender-hearted" to fire. On the 33rd floor of 9 Rockefeller Plaza, the Siberia of Time, Inc., she met \$40,000-a-year editors brooding in enforced idleness on a shaky future. Some, assigned "projects" that will never see publication, translate essays from obscure European publications, write studies of rubber, or revise the history of Time, Inc.

Impervious to pressure from advertisers or publicists, Time, Inc., has its own set of prejudices: "Utterly horrid

sexual discrimination" decrees "that men be writers and women, researchers." The author describes also how the pro-Communist and Liberal clique kill stories unfavorable to Leftist causes.

Mrs. Harman's wit is lacking in bitterness, and she pays tribute to some of the gifted and delightful personalities who help to produce the famous picture magazine.

CANARY ISLAND ADVENTURE, By Richard Walter. 255 pages: \$3.95. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Ave., New York City.

A COUPLE "trapped" in Suburbia migrate to the Canary Islands to find time for enjoyment of living. The Richard Walters and their brood of six enjoy the low cost of living among a friendly-speaking Spanish people. But sea air and sunshine prove no substitute for plumbing, supermarkets and the competitive spirit.

Before departing, Walter should have jotted down some warm human vignettes about the Islanders—for instance, those sea captains, adventurers and international bankers he mentions in passing. Also, the would-be escapist would appreciate elaboration on how to eke out a living on a utopian isle.

Notice to Readers

In our July issue, we referred to Mr. John Temple Graves, author of the article, "The South Won't Surrender," as the "Editor of the Birmingham, Alabama, Post Herald."

Although Mr. Graves was on the editorial staff of the Birmingham Age Herald from 1929 to 1946, and after 1946 was an editorial writer for the Birmingham Post, his present principal activity is as author of a daily syndicated column, of wide circulation in Southern and Western newspapers.

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Our forefathers lovingly carved out of a wilderness this great nation. As the trustees and custodians of a great heritage, it is our duty to preserve it intact and pass it on to coming generations.

At Thanksgiving time, it is especially appropriate that we rededicate ourselves to our sacred responsibilities, and to pray daily that we become worthy of our many blessings.

Evil people are seeking to destroy our country and the Christian way of life. But you can be a link in the chain to defend America — by believing in yourself, your country and your God. In what better way can you fulfill the *true* spirit of Thanksgiving?

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Russell Maguire".

RUSSELL MAGUIRE, *Chairman of the Board*